

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability; to every one according to his needs.

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UNDER the direction of THE COSMOPOLITAN, the preliminary work has been begun in Europe and America looking to the assemblage in 1903 of

A WORLD'S CONGRESS

composed of one hundred members who shall represent the most important peoples of the globe. This will be held either in Washington or in Paris, as may seem best after other arrangements have been completed.

All attempts at international congresses have been failures, up to the close of the nineteenth century, because invariably men were selected for diplomatic, political or personal reasons. This effort will be made on altogether different lines. Five hundred names will be put in nomination, representing the highest thought and most practical statesmanship of all nations. There will be no personal, political or diplomatic reasons guiding the final selection. The hundred will be chosen by a consensus of the ablest opinions obtainable among the peoples to be represented and elsewhere. The qualifications sought for in the selection will stand in the following order of relative importance:—

First. Sincerity of purpose.

Second. Earnestness.

Third. Clear thinking—that is, ability to see the truth.

Fourth. Broad experience in affairs.

Representation will be given to nations as nearly as possible in proportion to their importance in international affairs, in population, and in the world of intellect. Great Britain, with her position in this world of thought, in population, and especially in view of the necessity of having well represented such masses of humanity as India and governments of such advanced ideas as New Zealand—Great Britain, with her states of Canada, India, Australia and New Zealand, together with Scotland, Ireland, Wales and England—will without doubt be assigned a larger representation than any other nation. Germany, France, Russia and the United States will come next, and to these five countries will be assigned a little more than one-half the entire number of seats. Japan with its new ideas and China with its questions affecting the welfare of the entire human race will be important.

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The order of discussion before the Congress will be determined by the delegations themselves. The majority of delegates in each delegation shall select the subject which seems to them of the highest importance for the interest of their own country as it concerns the harmony of nations. These subjects will be presented to the Congress in order of a priority assigned to nations according to population. If China should be shown to have the largest population, China's delegation would present the first subject for discussion, England and Russia following. In this way it would be possible to bring the interests of each country having relation to international affairs before the Congress.

If China regarded its indemnity tax as levied without justification—in amount out of proportion to the equities, and as bearing unjustly upon an impoverished people—it would be able to secure an impartial presentation of the subject by the ablest minds of the world.

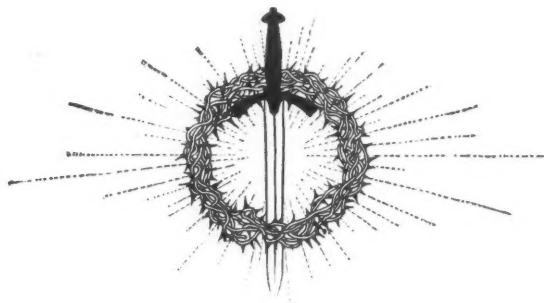
What would be the result of such a Congress?

Even a single session would be of far-reaching importance. But if kept in permanent session, there would be no use for peace or arbitration commissions. It would by its vigor of thought, its exposure of superficial and selfish reasoning, its deliberations sent into every home by means of the press, by its presentation of truth, create a public sentiment which no ruler or parliament would dare disobey.

It would possess a moral power which would be irresistible.

The time has arrived when the affairs of every people, however humble or remote, have become the business of every other people. There must be a harmonious adjustment of the world's interests.

There should be a fund of at least a quarter of a million of dollars to pay the expenses of delegates while in session. THE COSMOPOLITAN will endeavor to secure this through the intervention of the leaders in the American world of finance and thought.



MOTHERHOOD.

BY LAVINIA HART.

THERE is a supreme moment in the life of woman—a moment when God shows His face, and the divine and human meet and merge. It is the moment when her first-born is laid upon her breast and his heart begins its beating next her own—a moment when the depths of human feeling are touched and awakened and the heights of human possibilities disclosed. The imprint of that moment's insight will sink and last according to the stuff on which it falls—according to the character that takes the impression and the womanliness that retains it.

The birth of a child has often meant the birth of a mother—to a higher, better living, with wider understanding, deeper feeling and positive aim. It is one thing to idle away one's own life and waste one's own talents. It is quite another to neglect the possibilities in a life entrusted to one's care. After the first rush of joy, and pride, and gratitude, which are the initial qualities of mother-love, comes a realization of the new responsibility.

It is limitless!

What may have been the purpose of the Infinite in giving life to this tiny atom of

flesh and blood? To what magnitude may the soul within this little body expand! To what heights may the raw material of this mind be trained, to what beauties cultured! What part of the work in life's vineyard were those baby hands sent to perform, and will the fruition of their work

be wheat or chaff?

The divine confidence in womanhood implied by giving to her the privilege of child-bearing and child-rearing should compensate for the thorns that protect the flower of motherhood—should awaken into active being every high endeavor and womanly virtue.

The two womanly virtues that conduce to the best good of the baby are good nature and good sense. These two virtues constitute domestic poise. One is as essential as the other. Even "the best baby in the world"—which every

baby is—contrives to try his mother's patience to the utmost. The fact that his intentions are good—or at least neutral—does not modify his offenses.

If he knew that his disposition to test his lungs grated on his mother's ears, that his preference for being awake nights robbed her of sleep, that his habit of falling



MOTHER AND SON.



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK WITH HER DAUGHTER.

out of cradles, or swallowing buttons, or lapping the paint off bric-à-brac when the grown-ups' backs were turned, menaced her sanity and the sweetness of her disposition, he might regulate his eccentricities.

But he doesn't know.

He doesn't even know, when the croup gets in the way of his breathing, or the whooping-cough chokes him, or scarlet fever has him in hot clutches, why the anxious face above him is wet with tears, or how much it means whether he "pulls through" or not.

There is only one thing which his Little Highness knows definitely. That is the difference between the particular grown-up who seems like home, and all the rest of the world. He is very proud of this knowledge, and speaks his preference in a way which shows he has convictions and the courage to live up to them.

During the first six months of the baby's

life, the vital question has been one of health. The virtue of good sense has carried the mother over many a trying period. She has learned the practical application of science to babies. She knows the value of oxygen, diet, system and proper clothing. She knows how much of the book-knowledge on babies will apply and how much won't. These are things every careful mother can learn.

But at the six-month milestone a new and vastly different problem confronts her. Science cannot direct, and the experience of others is of no account. It is a distinctly personal problem, which she as an individual must solve. There are no precedents, this particular baby never having been born before.

And now he is actively engaged, in his own behalf, in acquiring an education. His character is beginning to form and his morals are taking shape. His little round face is becoming firmer, and suggests a likeness to some one

in the family. The eyes that were shiftless have acquired a certain knowing, appreciative look, and nothing that transpires in his presence escapes his notice.

He has ceased crying without a motive. Not that he cries any less frequently, but he understands more about motives. If he wants attention, he cries. If he wants it badly, he hollers. He begins to understand that things have relative values. He frets when he is scolded, smiles when he is kissed, coos when he is catered to. He is delving into the mysteries of cause and effect. He is told not to throw his rattle on the floor, and does it repeatedly, coyly watching developments and testing the limits to which he can trespass.

The angel of the household is spreading his wings. Whether or not he will continue to be an angel will depend upon his mother's good sense. If she does not possess this virtue, she may say it is



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH AND HER INFANT SON.

foolish to discipline a child of six months—in which case she may have to say it is impossible at six years or sixteen.

From the time a baby is six months old, everything he sees and hears has an influence for good or for bad upon his character.

When he begins to creep he begins to destroy. By the time he has learned to walk he has grasped one of life's fundamental principles—the superior utility of construction over destruction.

The divine tendency in man is to create. As an infant's mentality increases and his

morality becomes fixed, he appreciates that there is something wrong about destruction; not only because it terminates in punishment, but because he lacks the thing destroyed. He realizes that he cannot eat his cake and have it too.

Construction follows naturally. It is a good sign. His character is building with the houses of blocks and cards. In the creation of mud pies he may be soiling his pinafore and storing up punishment for the close of day; but he is also storing up virtues in the generous measure, form,

size, color and the confidence in his power to construct. From these he progresses to a Noah's ark and forms groups of animals, schools of fish, and settlements of houses and trees. Then, with the first pair of pants, perhaps, come the little tin soldiers, the forming of regiments and brigades, and all the havoc and racket that war creates. After this—perhaps it's the pants, for they've real pockets, or the absence of curls that went when they came; or it may be the warfare and the man-spirit it engenders—things are not quite the same. The baby has evolved into a boy. Baby talk is no longer suited to his position—which is that of king of the household. He wears out several pairs of pockets to one pair of pants—but it's worth it. There is a great deal of dignity and manliness in the new pose until night comes, especially if it has been a hard day, with considerable warfare. Then the proud little head might just as well have the curls back on it, so willingly does it seek the breast of the familiar grown-up, whose boy will never grow too big to find a welcome there.

If he is a fortunate boy, he will have brothers and sisters. The benefits of a large family cannot be overrated. The child who is alone is apt to become diffident and selfish, and he misses innumerable joys and privileges which do not confine themselves to childhood.

The several children of one family help

each other unconsciously. Their differences in temperament are a help, acquainting them with human nature in various phases and schooling them in the ways and means for dealing with it. They are a help to each other in study and in recreation. The constant interchange of ideas gives them scope. The sharing of each other's luxuries and privileges makes them unselfish; the sharing of trials and disappointments makes them noble; the sharing and holding of each other's secrets and

confidences teaches them impulse and honor. Even the quarrels that spring up among them make for character, because they must end in compromise and a spirit of forgiveness.

The mother of a large family has her mind and hands full; but her heart is also full of happiness and her life is filled with all that makes living worth while.

Her task is not easy. The successful

mother needs to be so much. She requires not only patience, but poise; not only justice, but judgment; not only energy, but properly applied energy; not only tenderness, but firmness; not only the desire to form character in her children, but the character in herself which shall be a living example.

Children are mimics. They imitate what they see others do more readily than they can apply a sermon.

It is not sufficient for a mother to say, "Be truthful," if she herself be not truthful.



THE COUNTESS OF MINTO AND HER CHILDREN.

She must not discipline the children for misrepresenting facts, while she frightens them into good behavior with the terrors of bugaboos. Else she loses the point, not only by shaking their faith in herself when they know better, but by creating their tendency to goodness from a wrong and therefore temporary motive. She should rather teach them the advantages of truth

cizes and maligns her neighbors in their absence; or of thoroughness and the satisfaction of duty done, if she sweeps the dust into corners or permits her servants to do so. Neither can she hope to inspire them with lofty aim and earnest purpose, if the best she strives for is to satisfy her vanity in society.

The real mother is neither preacher nor



BARONESS HUNE WITH HER TWO DAUGHTERS.

according to the law of compensation, setting forth that every good thought or act has its harvest in kind, just as every evil thought or sinister act has its certain return in misery.

Nor can she effectively teach them the beauties of justice, if she condemns them unjustly or shows favoritism amongst them; or of honor and charity, if she criti-

painter. She is a sculptor—a modeler of clay. The tool she uses in her work is no untried implement. She has used it on her own character, and carved beauties with it there.

The children of a real mother are not incidents in her life. They are her life. Her interest in them does not vary with her moods. They create her moods. The



LADY CURZON WITH HER BABY AND MRS. LEITER.

unfolding of their natural tendencies day by day is the text-book from which she studies. Therein she finds the derivatives around which she builds to form their characters. She keeps her heart young. Her sympathies are keen for the things that interest youth. She is their friend, their confidante. She is one of them—a superior one—with the knowledge of her years and the spirit of theirs.

She does not leave them to the sole care of hired attendants. These may be competent to keep frocks and faces clean; but their written "characters" did not include all the motherly virtues. Those unfortun-

nate children of the rich who seldom see their mamas and spend their lives with their nurses are apt to acquire not only servants' expressions, but the processes of reasoning by which these expressions are reached.

The real mother watches as eagerly for moral and mental as for physical symptoms, and in all of these she is ready with her antidote for poison or her tonic to improve the budding health. Sometimes she is confronted with badness that appals. It accomplishes no object. It has apparently no motive. It has no possible justification in environment or hereditary tendency.

The mother with good sense digs deep into primary causes when this cross looms before her vision. She learns too late about prenatal influences. She remembers her nervous, hysterical temperament, the melancholia which she did not curb. Her patience with the erring one increases with remorse. She wins for her sex the reputation for loving the "black sheep" best. And she wisely resolves to give her girls a more thorough education for motherhood than her foolish or ignorant mother gave to her.

Therein is the acme of her good sense reached. Ignorance is not innocence. More often it is crime. When a girl takes up the duties of wifehood and motherhood, thoroughly ignorant and untrained in all the branches of her life's work, it is a crime against society, against herself, her husband, her home and her future mother-



LADY GORDON-CUMMING IN THE NURSERY.

hood. Even the ordinary mother devotes time and thought to the future careers of her boys, helps them to choose whatever art or profession or trade for which they seem best fitted, and educates them for it.

But what of the girls? What of motherhood—that combination of art, profession and science to which every normal woman looks forward—what course of training are our girls receiving for that? Is their education being conducted on lines that will help them in fulfilling their share of responsibility in their future homes? It certainly is not. Even the colleges, which are doing so much for the better education of women, lack the curriculum which will directly influence their standards and status as wives and mothers.

This greatest life-work that can come to man or woman is entered into in a haphazard, ignorant fashion that would insure failure in any of the meaner callings and too often insures it in this.

The ordinary aim of the marrying girl is to better herself—or at best to live with the man she loves. Then, unless she be one of those fortunate few who are trained by real mothers, she proceeds with the best intentions and the worst qualifications to test his love to the breaking-point. She introduces discord into the household by



MRS. ARTHUR HOWARD AND HER PRETTY DAUGHTER.



VISCOUNTESS CHELSEA AND HER BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN.

giving everybody dyspepsia. She may not make heavy cakes and tough pie-crust—she may not have to be her own cook. But it is a greater art to order a dinner properly than to cook one. There are a few things that will digest well if swallowed at the same sitting. There are many things that will not. If our female colleges would institute a course in gastronomy, it would avert dyspepsia in the home and prolong the length of honey-

moons. If mothers would teach their girls to have an aim in life, and to realize that they were sent here for a purpose, it would result in more interesting wives and more helpful mothers.

If they would teach them that conjugal love lasts longer on mutual progress than it does on holding hands, that the beauties of wifehood and motherhood can be realized only through character, which is the result of knowledge and a willingness to

appropriate it, then might our girls enter advisedly into the estate of matrimony, fully equipped to prove marriage a success.

Nothing of importance escapes the vigilant eye of the real mother, and every detail relative to her children is of importance. She corrects and guides their tastes in literature. She supplies fairy tales and facts, mythology and history. The imaginative is quite as essential as the actual, the ideal as helpful as the practical. She aims to give breadth to their ideas, scope to their knowledge and poise to their understanding. In the same manner she provides for their entertainment, combining the instructive and the purely diverting.

If it is within her power to do so, she will provide each with an income, making careful note of the manner in which each one spends it. There is no better way to judge character than by the channels through which a man spends his income.

If he incline toward the literary, he will not invest his surplus in farming implements; if he be truly destined for the ministry, he will not spend it on dime museums and side-shows; if he has within him the elements of a spendthrift, he will not buy a bank and drop his savings into it.

The test goes farther than rudimentary principles. A man's spendings are the keynote to his character. Follow the changes in his personal investment, and you follow the man's development. He spends his money to gratify his tastes.

Consider his home. Is it barren of comfort and beauty? Then judge his love for home.

Consider his wardrobe. Is it replete with every modern accessory for personal adornment? Then judge his vanity.

Consider his book-shelves. Is the litera-



A PRETTY GROUP.

ture poetic? is it obscene? is it practical? is it romantic? is it legal? is it light? is it ponderous? is it all in the binding? Then judge his mental weight.

If you would know the character of men and women, seek them in their homes, know their environment.

It is impossible for a woman to make a real home unless she possess womanly virtues. There is a difference between homes and houses. It is the difference between purpose and aimlessness, harmony and discord, love and indifference, high motive and no motive, system and shiftlessness, beauty and barrenness.

A house may be filled with paintings and rugs and costly art treasures, yet lack the inspiration which makes it a home. That inspiration is character. When character marries, look out for a home; look out for motherhood that is real, for father-



SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S WIFE AND SON.

hood that is earnest. The children in such a home will seem to have a purpose in life, a destination toward which all that they are accomplishing trends. There will be an atmosphere of sympathetic activity. The home is in purposeful motion around a certain axis.

Wealth is not an essential factor in the making of a home, in the rearing of children, or in the building up of character.

Wealth can simplify the road to ethics and higher culture by paving it with the material beauties; but it bars out much that makes for character.

In the modest home there is the ethical gain from necessary denial, humbleness, the closeness to nature rather than to art, the appreciation of joys sharpened by deprivations, the quick sympathy and gentleness which have their genesis in mutual wants and struggles.

It is a mistake to suppose it requires vast income to create an ideal home. Home is not furniture and hangings. It is not an art museum. It is the place where hope can be restored, where sympathy can be found, where ambition can be spurred, where good cheer prevails.

The real mother teaches her children to know things and people by their right

values. She teaches her boys that money is not the best thing in life to seek and find. She teaches her girls that it is greater honor to hold the open sesame to that set where human charity in its highest sense prevails than to gain an entrance to the set where royalty holds sway. She teaches them the value of interior over exterior beauty, so showing them the way to that rare beauty which lasts not only till the end, but lingers in the gap their going makes. And she teaches them to find some beauty in every human soul they meet. Recognizing virtue is half-way toward acquiring it. Appropriating the beauties from nature and human nature means the accumulation of a fortune in character which will circulate itself to the benefit of every human being one meets.

The real home is a place where real people congregate. Hospitality is one of the first laws of a good mother. It demonstrates to her children the true spirit of generosity, of fellowship, of comradeship. It eliminates bashfulness and makes children at ease with their fellow men, which is an essential condition before they can derive benefit from association.

To the right sort of home the right sort of people come. No others are drawn there. A good mother looks well to the visitors who frequent her hearth. She



A YOUNG MOTHER.



MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, JR., AND HER SONS.

recognizes the men and women who are worth while by the good they invoke in her. She points out to her children the qualities to be emulated and those to be shunned.

So the ideal mother settles on each of her children a fortune which the fluctuations of the money market cannot touch. She starts the children forth in the battle

of life thoroughly equipped for its service.

Nor will the good they shall derive from her teaching be the only good to come of it. They will go forth to be a benefit to mankind, an upliftment to every soul they meet.

These are the mothers we need. If the women who yearn to accomplish some-

thing would cease straining their eyes toward the distant horizon for a life-work and look to the field in which they stand, we might have more of them.

Why is it so frequent that when we find women of strong character they are applying its strength outside their homes? Is it because they cannot get away from the natural feminine instinct to "meddle"?

A case in point was that of the acting secretary of a foreign mission band. She dedicated her time and tongue to the cause of savages in "Darkest Africa." She meant well and worked hard. If the force she expended could have been applied to mill-wheels, she might have made sufficient fortune to corner the whole flannel market. Then, when "Darkest Africa" had been flannel-petticoated, there might have been a few odds and ends left over for the heathen here at home. New York is no hanging garden in midwinter. There are women and children here who would weep for joy over soft, warm flannels. There is nothing heroic or picturesque, however, in clothing the heathen here in our own home.

While the acting secretary in point was taking up the neglected work in South Africa, somebody else took up her neglected work at home—took it up bodily from its neglected atmosphere, and disappeared with it to parts unknown. Whereupon the little woman with the misdirected energy wept, and the ladies of the band recommended his erring soul to mercy—which didn't bring back a father to the acting secretary's children.

If every mother would take care of the vines in her own vineyard, we shouldn't need mission bands or little mothers' soci-

eties; and there wouldn't be much spare time for meddling with other people's vineyards.

We do not want ambitionless mothers who confine themselves to home life because they are too apathetic to do otherwise. We want mothers full of energy and hope and intention—properly directed. We want mothers who aim for the stars, and set them, when they get them, in the firmament of their homes. We want mothers who do not worship at the shrine of that society which is display, but who

shine in that genuine society of people who have aims and tastes in common; whose coming together is a mutual benefit; who are friends for the sake of friendship in its best sense; whose commingling is not a matching of diamonds and bank-accounts, but of wit and reason and character and kindred aims.

We do not care if they be college-bred or country-bred. We don't care what their worldly goods or what their pedigree. In every walk of life we need mothers whose hearts can beat for us, whose souls can thrill for us; who are mothers, not be-

cause they can find no other vocation in life, but because in motherhood they have found the highest, holiest, fullest sphere it is woman's privilege and capacity to fill.

The economics of home and nation are closely allied. The government of our country depends upon the character of the men who rule it. The character of those men has its genesis in the home. The character of the home is made and enlarged or limited by the woman who is the mother of that home.

The national capital is founded on the national hearth.



THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX AND HER BABY.



SOME ELABORATE FLOWER COSTUMES.

COSTUMING THE MODERN PLAY.

BY ROLAND PHILLIPS.

BEAUTY in stage-dress is a new story. In the old days—as far back even as the Elizabethan drama—there are plenty of examples of lavish expenditure for theatrical costumes; and in the succeeding reign—if not during the lifetime of Shakespeare, then very soon after his death—the vigorous sketches of Inigo Jones, a well-known artist of the time, give some idea of the fantastic gowns that dazzled Whitehall and show that, apart from their extravagance, some care was beginning to be taken to make them appropriate.

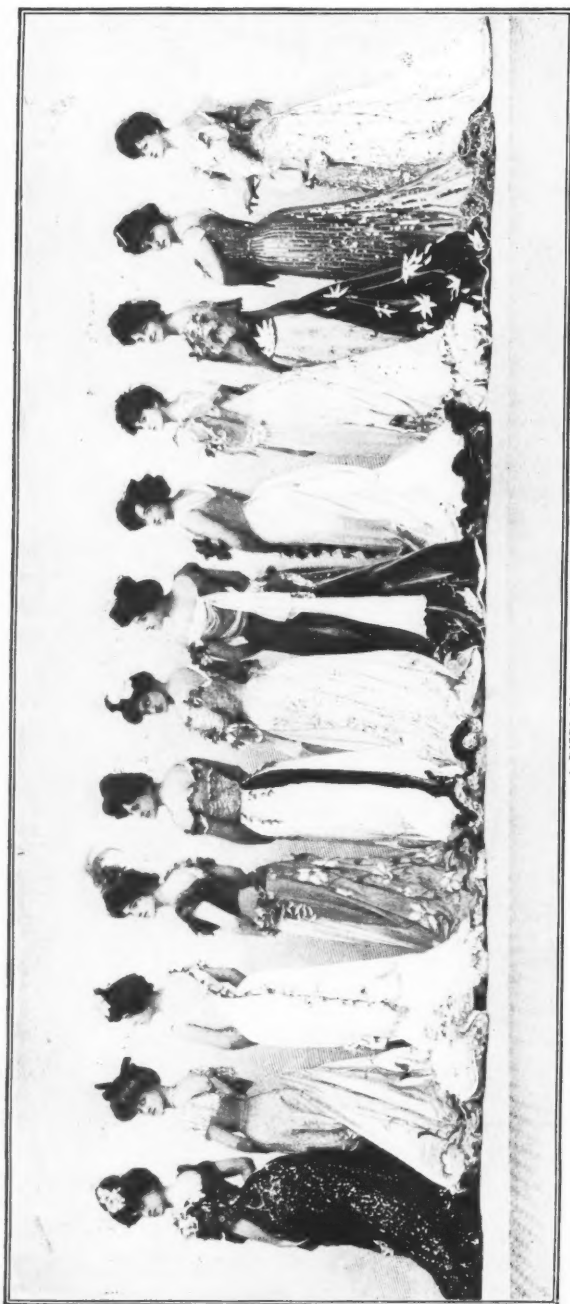
Even in the old "mystery"-plays—the most common and popular form of entertainment in England and on the Continent during the middle ages—one finds occasional attempts to fit the costumes in a rough way to the part. Rabelais thus describes the costumes worn by Satan and his followers in one of the early French plays of this kind: "All," he says, "were caparisoned with skins of wolves, calves and wild boars—girt with great thongs from which hung big cow-bells and mule-bells à bruyt horrifique; some carried black clubs, others long lighted torches upon which handfuls of powder were thrown—making a smoke and a fire that was terrible." Thus for the mystery comedians. The other parts were costumed in the same

crude way. For example, in a play called "The Resurrection," by Jean Michel, the difference in costume between the good and the bad robber at the cross is indicated only by one's wearing a white shirt, the other a black one.

Examples of this kind are legion. It is the art of stage-dress just beginning—crudely effective, no doubt, but hardly as yet a "thing of beauty." Indeed, the



ONE OF ANNA HELD'S COSTUMES.



A DISPLAY OF COSTLY GOWNS.

conditions under which these early plays were produced offered little opportunity for the artistic development of stage-costume. The mysteries, for example, were played for the most part, especially in the later years of their vogue, in the open air. The cast oftentimes included hundreds of people. The number of spectators often ran into the thousands. Seating accommodations, where there were any at all, were wholly inadequate. The great part of the audience looked on from a distance; all except the most obvious and striking effects in costume and setting were, therefore, entirely out of the question.

In Shakespeare's time in England, the conditions were in a similar way most unfavorable. The public demand for fantastic dress and effeminate extravagance in costume was satisfied by the "masques" and "pageants," which were controlled before the establishment of "Her Majesty's own company" by rich nobles of the court. These plays were written, almost without exception, as a lavish compliment to royalty, and were costumed accordingly. Moreover, in these as in other dramatic productions, both plays and players met with constant opposition from the

church—and especially from the Puritans. For the drama it was a question, not of progress, but of living. The public, too, was unconsciously one of the drama's worst enemies. Stage performances were given usually in the afternoon and were attended only by the rich or by the nobility, who took more interest in applauding a play of doubtful morality than in troubling themselves about "art" or "beauty." Not only were women practically excluded from the theater, but the parts assigned to them in the various plays were taken by boys. Shakespeare's Juliet was no exception; and, as in the case of Viola, the necessity of assuming a double disguise is not only an effective comment on the absurd results to which this rule led, but, so far as it typifies the immorality of the time that made the absence of women from the theater imperative, is one of the direct causes of the lack of a higher artistic development of the drama during this period. For on the stage as elsewhere the presence of women is bound to exert some influence of refinement. In France and Spain at this time they attended the theaters and took part in the plays. And it is interesting to note—without, however, attempting even roughly to sketch the different steps in the



A STAGE BATHING-SUIT.



A HANDSOME TOILET.

development—that the phase of the drama in which we are interested here—beauty in stage-costume—was first brought to an artistic development on the Continent. From the earliest times Paris has taken the lead. To-day the performance of a modern play at the Français is a social function; England, from the beginning, has copied Paris; and America, now perhaps the best-dressed stage country in the world, has copied both.

But in America, as in England and on the Continent, artistic stage-dress and beauty of costume are "things of recent growth." In our early stage-life there were only the most primitive attempts to harmonize dress and character. The American stage Yankee, for example, has always been



ONE OF MISS DE WOLFE'S CREATIONS.

lic. Beauty and artistic fitness were things unknown.

Up to a few years ago, as the older theater-goers will remember, actors and actresses playing star parts never thought of going on the road with their own companies. The larger theaters throughout the country had resident stock-companies which were letter-perfect in a large number of standard repertoire plays and supported the traveling actors. The older actors have scores of good stories to tell about the makeshifts they had to devise in those days to costume their parts. Most of them had no more than one or two available costumes. Moreover, as in the case of the resident companies, the leading men and women had to be versed in a large repertoire; and always, except in the stock-companies, were obliged to dress their own parts.

I remember very well a story told by Edwin Booth just before his death about his first touring experiences in the "provinces." He was playing at Rochester and was cast on the opening and the following night for Hamlet and the Stranger. It happened that his manager was an expert at sewing. After the first night's performance he took the

with us a popular character. As Brother Jonathan he appeared as early as 1787 in the first really American play ever produced by a professional company. The play was "The Contrast," and Jonathan was undoubtedly recognized by his long-tailed blue coat, short waistcoat and striped trousers—the conventional Jonathan costume of all time.

In "Tammany," the first Indian play of which there is any record on the American stage, the impression created by the costumes and make-up of the Indian rôles was unfavorable with those best fitted to pass judgment—a band of braves of that day who, according to a recent note by Mr. Laurence Hutton, assisted at the first performance. Yet in this piece there was the first attempt in this country at anything like correct and elaborate scenic effects.

In the frontier drama, from the time of the elder Hackett to Frank Mayo, the chief stock in trade so far as concerned costume was the buckskin suit, deerskin shoes and coonskin hat. As Mose in a local New York drama of the 'fifties, F. S. Chanfrau made a big hit with his "soap-locks," plug hat, red shirt, and trousers turned up over a pair of heavy boots. But in these early days it was good acting rather than good costume—and in comedy and farce the burlesque of good costume—that brought success with the public.



A QUIET COSTUME OF MISS BENNETT.

Hamlet costume—the only wardrobe they had—ripped off the fur that decorated the sleeves and collar, substituted some odd bits of plain cloth, and so presented the tragedian with an "absolutely new and original" costume for the second night.

At another time one of our leading actresses, who by the way is now playing an engagement in a large metropolitan theater, confessed to making her debut as the little Duke of York in "Richard III." in her "nightie." And it was not so very long ago at a dress-rehearsal of a comic opera that I saw the manager appear on the stage with a paint-pot and brushes and actually paint the chorus costumes into harmony.



ELLA SNYDER IN AN ORIENTAL COSTUME.

Of course, all such devices hark back to the primitive art of early times. In the opinion of our best managers, we owe the first impetus to beauty in stage-dress to Sir Henry Irving, who came to America for the first time about twenty years ago. It was at once recognized from his example that artistic costuming was of distinct commercial importance. The first successful efforts to carry out the idea systematically were made by Mr. Daly, Mr. Frohman and Mr. Palmer. Every one remembers the delightful comedies

and dramas played by their old stock-companies. The costumes were all specially designed and in all but a few instances were paid for by the management. It has,



THE WORKSHOP OF A THEATRICAL DRESSMAKER.



A COSTUME-DESIGNER'S STUDIO.

in fact, become the general rule nowadays among managers to provide costumes for the company in what are known as costume-plays. In modern comedy or drama the leading members of the company, at least, usually find their own costumes. In such cases the leading lady has first choice of color. If she decides, for example, that white is a suitable color to be worn in a certain act, no one else can wear white during that act; the "second" lady has second choice; and so on. It is the manager's part to see that the colors chosen by the principals are in harmony with one another and with the general color-scheme of the play.



ONE OF MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL'S SUMPTUOUS GOWNS.

This plan meets, occasionally, with amusing results. A short time ago, one of our leading actresses was put forward as a star. She decided on the colors of her gowns and gave instructions accordingly to the other members of the company. At one of the rehearsals she noticed that the second lady was wearing a very attractive hat—irreproachable in color but unusually "fetching." On the first night the "second" part made the hit of the piece. The manager, on complaint of the star, lodged a protest and finally succeeded in removing the objectionable hat and settling all difficulties by offering to pay for a new one—quite as attractive but smaller—out of his own pocket.

But apart from the fact, as illustrated here, that dress is one of the prime causes of the much-heralded stage jealousy, it remains that the care taken by progressive managers to-day to costume their plays

artistically is one of the most hopeful signs of modern drama in America. In this the cooperation of the actor is all-important. Individual taste counts for much. In society comedy, perhaps no one deserves more credit for making good dress an adjunct of good acting than Miss Elsie de Wolfe. Miss de Wolfe made her début about ten years ago in New York in Sardou's "Thermidor." She had previously fitted herself for stage-work—incidentally becoming familiar at first-hand with the best traditions of the stage in England and France—by studying with Herman Vezin, of London, and Madame Bartet, of the Théâtre Français. After "Thermidor" she acted in light comedy; then with Mrs. Fiske in "Frou-Frou"; afterward with John Drew and his company, and at the present time is starring under her own management. In the majority of the plays in which she has appeared, Miss de Wolfe has been cast for society parts. She has been criticized for dressing them too well—the implication being that good dress should not be more noticeable than good acting. As a matter of fact, I think all critics will admit that the best acting Miss de Wolfe

has ever done has been in plays such as "Thermidor" and "One Summer's Day," where there was little in costume to help the part.

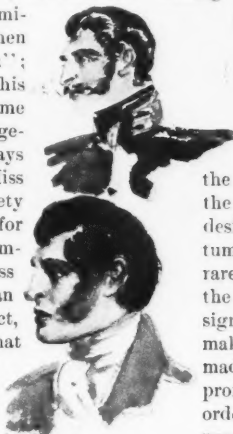
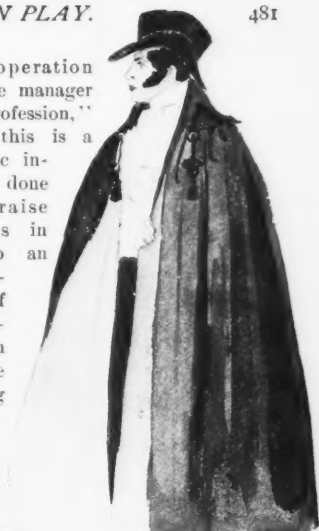
However this may be, it is certain that Miss de Wolfe has costumed her society rôles artistically, and was among the first in that line of comedy to set up in America the higher standards of dress maintained by the European stage.

The cooperation between the manager and the "profession," of which this is a characteristic instance, has done much to raise stage-dress in America to an artistic level. Most of the best artists plan and oversee the making

of their costumes. One of the most popular actresses on the New York stage not only designs but makes her own costumes. This is, of course, a rare instance. Nowadays, in the majority of cases, the designs are furnished by dress-makers and artists who have made artistic stage-costuming a profession. The usual way in ordering costumes for a company—especially in plays that require the dress of a historical or romantic period—is to submit

the manuscript of the play to a costume artist, who makes the necessary sketches and turns them over to the manager as a guide to the dressmaker, bootmaker, wig-maker—all, in fact, who have to do with the actual making of the costumes.

By the best of these costume artists an almost incredible amount of research is given to insure the accuracy of historical detail. For Mrs. Fiske's recent performance of "Becky Sharp," for example, the London artist who designed the costumes not only made a personal visit to the old field of Waterloo, but read all that had been written about the period, studied the types of characters of that time represented in the play, and finally submitted more than a hundred sketches in color—studies, even, of the "walking" characters—with samples



FOUR SKETCHES FOR RAWDON CRAWLEY'S COSTUMES IN "BECKY SHARP."



THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

including those for many of the principal singers in grand opera, have been made and designed in America. At the Paris Exposition it was an American gown designed in this country for an American actress that took the grand prize over all foreign exhibits of the same class.

The picturesque surroundings in which some of these costumes are made might well furnish the subject for "another story." In one New York establishment where they make costumes and theatrical "properties," the entrance leads from a little-frequented street through a long, narrow passageway decorated with old shields and helmets that have long since rusted out their useful period of stage-service to a quaint little room that might have stood for the prototype of the shop of the old-clothes man in Dickens. The walls are covered with a jumble of cast-off costumes and stage-fittings. Many of them have been bought up after the failure of plays whose existence the theatergoer on Broadway never even suspected. They are sold again for the production of other plays in theaters whither the re-

of the cloth to be used in each costume. In the old days of American stagecraft such a degree of attention to perfection of detail in costume was not even considered a possibility. Nowadays not only do we have artists and costume-makers who are as skilled as any in Europe,

but for the past few years the costumes for nearly all the big productions,



RANELEIGH.

viewers on the metropolitan dailies are rarely detailed—except for a "story" of curiosities. Yet in this little shop are made, or made over, the dresses and costumes for many of the "underground" melodramas which no one ever hears of, but which delight hundreds of patrons every night in the East-Side pits and galleries.

Farther uptown is a shop in which a specialty is made of providing artistic boots and shoes for the leading members of the big theatrical companies. In contrast to the other, there is a large show-window, displaying for sale most wonderful examples of the art of the theatrical bootmaker.

Inside, the "fitting"-room is decorated with stage "properties" and trophies, and around the walls is hung a collection of paintings representing, many of them, stage scenes and celebrities. In many cases where large orders are given for special parts of costume, as here, both the designing and making are done in one establishment. Here the proprietor is himself an artist in his special line, and all the work of manufacturing is done by hand in a little room in the rear of the shop. It may be interesting to note that even to "boot" a play

artistically costs often times hundreds—even thousands—of dollars. For a recent opera the expense for this item alone was between twelve and thirteen hundred dollars.

For many years past in



THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.



BECKY'S COIFFURE.

than to employ the best costume designers like Worth or Paquin. The expense for furnishing ideas for society dress has fallen



BECKY'S BONNET.

gradually changing. As noted above, American competition has in at least one striking



BECKY'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

upon the theatrical managers; and it is a curious fact that on account of the place Paris has held in this respect, the Parisian stage has up to a few years ago been the "dressmaker" not only of England and the Continent, but of the entire fashionable world.

According to our best costume artists here in America, this situation is gradually changing. As noted above, American competition has in at least one striking instance come off successful in the matter of costume designing. That the instance is not rare, but rather indicative of the attitude of theatrical managers in general toward the work turned out by American designers and makers of costume, is shown by the fact that only in very rare cases do they consider it necessary or even advisable to employ foreign costumers. For example, the costumes for the stage productions under the management of Mr. Charles Frohman are almost without exception

made and designed in New York city. This is true of the majority of the plays produced here. Moreover, with this increasing demand for artistic costuming here in America new facilities are constantly being added. Many of the large department stores have a "theatrical" annex for fitting and making

stage-dress. In one of them several special rooms have recently been built for this purpose. The costumes for a musical farce ordered not long ago from here were not only designed, but completed and delivered, within eight days.

This, however, is an exceptional case. The time required for getting the costumes ready, except under "rush" orders, is a question usually of weeks or months rather than days. In producing a play, the manager in most cases puts off the final decision regarding costumes until the cast is chosen and often until the play is in rehearsal. For example, in putting on a play the usual method of procedure is as follows: Several months before the date set for the performance a contract is signed with the dramatist who is to provide the "book." If the dramatist is well



BECKY AT THE BALL.



ANOTHER OF BECKY'S BALL-GOWNS.



JOSEPH SEDLEY IN HIS BEST.

known, he is usually able to get a contract on a scenario—that is, a brief outline of the play in which only a part of the dialogue, with a description of the scenes and situations, is indicated. Otherwise the copy for the entire play is submitted. In some cases, with the descriptions of the characters the author makes certain suggestions regarding the costumes in which they are to appear.

This is especially true in burlesque or fantastic comedy, where a large

part of the success depends upon the proper realization of the author's exact conception of the various characters. It not infrequently happens that the playwright, where some members at least of the company provide or furnish ideas of color and the like for their costumes, reads his play to all the company before or during rehearsals. This

is the custom Mr. Clyde Fitch follows in all his plays, as it is in fact the general rule followed by the best-known dramatists not only here but abroad. Incidentally, this author's reading does more than help to a selection of appropriate costume. In the plays produced by Mr. Daly it was his invariable custom to call a "reading" rehearsal where he himself read the manuscript of the

play aloud to the entire company in order to give them a clear idea, not only of their individual parts but of the play as a whole.

By way of contrast, an amusing incident recently occurred at a rehearsal of an imported Drury Lane melodrama. There had been no author's reading, and the members of the company, who were rehearsing in a New York theater, knew nothing of the play except the lines of their

parts and their "cues." In one scene the leading man, who was an American, asked the stage manager, who had come over from England to direct the rehearsals, the reason for speaking certain lines in a certain way. "Why?" was the reply, "why, because I say so! To ask that question—why—in a Drury Lane melodrama! Well,

it's like asking the explanation of love—there isn't any!"

But to return to our "moutons." After the play has been finished by the author and delivered into the hands of the manager, many considerations—the selection of a company, the distribution of rôles, rehearsals and so on—have to be met before the problem of costuming is finally taken up. The period in which the scenes are laid and the possibilities of artistic dress are



JOSEPH SEDLEY OUT FOR A STROLL.



THE MARQUIS OF STEYNE'S WALKING COSTUME.



THE MARQUIS OF STEYNE IN EVENING DRESS.



MAKING THE COSTUMES FOR "THE MESSENGER BOY."

always considered in a general way at the outset, and in some instances are largely influential in the acceptance of the play. Many of the best managers have the costumes designed as soon as the company is engaged and long before the rehearsals are actually begun. In such cases the designs and materials are submitted by the costumers—except, as noted above, where special artists are employed—while the rehearsals are going on; and it is rare that the finished costumes are delivered many days before the dress-rehearsal—often there is only one—which takes place the night before or on the same day with the first presentation of the play to the public.

In most of the theaters where performances are given by the big stock-companies there is stored a great quantity of old costuming material that has been used in old plays. This, called the "ward-

robe," is usually in charge of an experienced dressmaker, who, with her assistants, makes over and refits these costumes for the minor parts of new plays. The traveling companies also usually have with them on "the road" some one to take charge of the costumes of the plays they



THEATRICAL SHOEMAKERS.

are producing, together with a certain wardrobe in case of emergencies. It is not rare in any large theater to see dressmaking and repairing of costumes behind the scenes while the play is being applauded "in front." There was an instance of an emergency just the other evening in a duel scene in one of the new plays now running in New York. The leading man was defending himself sturdily against a rather desperate opponent whose rapier by mistake missed the hero's guard and went up his sleeve. There was no harm done except to the sleeve, which was badly ripped. It was promptly sewed up, however, before his next entrance, and no one in the audience seemed aware that anything out of the scheduled program had taken place.

In another instance that happened to come under my observation an extra bit of wardrobe was the means of saving a first-night performance. A well-known opera company was on the road and had been advertised to appear on a certain night in a large city in the West. It was the first performance of a new play. At the time for the curtain to be rung up the trunks containing the new costumes had not arrived. The company had with them, however, a sufficient number of old wardrobe costumes to provide some sort of dress for each rôle. The stage-manager explained the situation to the audience, the curtain went up and more than half the performance was given with old costumes that were wholly inappropriate and with scenery that had been designed for another play. The audience accepted the situation, however, and the company saved its first night.

This is only one instance of many to show that the costumes of the old plays, far from being useless, are oftentimes, even without refitting, put to most practical use. Of course, it is rare for a play to be costumed wholly from this source. It is unusual, even, in the best theatrical productions, for old costumes to be used at all. When they are used it is for secondary parts; but even under this limitation the saving in putting on a big production is, of course, a very considerable item.

The actual cost of costuming a play effectively varies widely and depends altogether on the play. For example, a recent melodrama, advertised as a "great fifty-thousand-dollar production," was, as



DESIGN FOR A GORDON HIGHLANDER'S UNIFORM.



RAWDON BEFORE WATERLOO.



RAWDON CRAWLEY.

a matter of fact, costumed almost wholly from old ones refitted for the occasion. For Sir Henry Irving's "King Arthur" the costumes cost, in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars. At the Français in Paris, and at most of the large theaters in England and on the Continent, costumes for the secondary parts in each company are "wardrobes" made over at very little expense. In America, especially in the large stock-companies, the same is true. The main item of expense is for the costumes of the principals. In "Du Barry," Mr. Belasco's latest play, the costumes are said to have cost fifteen thousand dollars. Perhaps five to ten thousand dollars in costume-plays and two to three thousand in modern plays may be taken as a fair general average of the expense of costuming the best productions.

In comic operas and in musical farces of various kinds, this limit is often far sur-



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DESIGN FOR A BALLET COSTUME.



ADELE RITCHIE'S WINTER CLOAK.

passed. In a musical play now running in New York, the costumes for the principal actress alone cost over five thousand dollars. The costumes for four chorus parts in one scene amounted to nineteen hundred and fifty dollars, the other parts throughout the play being costumed on a similar basis.

But the question as to the actual cost of providing the dress for new plays is one about which it is most difficult to obtain accurate information. It is to the interest of both managers and costumers for the sake of the advertisement to make the cost appear as great as possible. It is interesting to note, however, on the authority of one of our best-known costume-designers, that the saving to American costumers in the past few years, due to the making of costumes here rather than abroad, has amounted to several hundred thousand dollars. It was the opinion of the same authority,



based on his experience that here, as abroad, the tendency of the stage in the modern society drama to "set the fashion" for the outside world is already far advanced.

Moreover, in spite of its seeming extravagance the present advance in the costuming of modern drama not only pays from a commercial point of view but exerts a very tangi-

ble influence upon the artistic standard to be followed in putting on new plays. The public demands beauty and has been found willing to pay for it. As one of our managers said recently, referring to the expense of costuming a certain play, "It's a hard 'pace' to beat, but there's only one thing to do—beat it!" How far this spirit of competition will lead is a most interesting question. Certain it is that, while the play is undoubtedly the thing, the costume is no mean factor in making it so. Indeed, in a number of our recent



RECKY'S CLOAK AND HEAD-DRESSES.

musical plays excellence in costume has been far more noticeable than good acting rôle and the center of the stage.

or dramatic merit. That, of course, is the danger-signal ahead not only for opera but for all drama.

Naturally, all this leads to the main question whether progress in staging our new

plays artistically means a corresponding advance in the artistic development of the drama. To take the best general instance, in the drama of Shakespeare's time, as has already been shown, there was little or no attempt at artistic costuming; and at the same time the stand-

ard set by the best Elizabethan drama has never been surpassed. Artistic costuming does not necessarily mean artistic drama. On the contrary, as is most vividly shown by the elaborate productions, for instance, of modern musical plays, it sometimes indicates a decided dearth of real dramatic merit. It does indicate, however, a marked advance in the taste and demands of the theater-going public.

It is a most gratifying sign. With this opportunity the whole question rests with the dramatist; for, after all is said, to him belong the star



HARRISON.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

OF course, every American boy hopes to be President. But may he not have a more laudable ambition? Has the presidential character, during the forty years last past, considering it for the purpose of forming an average, been distinctly the highest type of manhood that the country has produced? Nine Presidents have occupied the

White House during the memory of persons under fifty years of age. How many of these men, stripped of their fame and of their political power, would be chosen members of a social or literary club, solely upon those traits of character which endear one American to another: integrity, courage, intelligence, and the grace and courtesy of gentlemen? Is it necessary for a man to be a gentleman, using the word in its finest sense, to be President of the United States? And do the people demand that their

Presidents shall be men of any particular scholarship? Men have been elected to the presidential office whose conception of geography west of the Mississippi has been obtained from a school text-book and whose knowledge of the aspirations of the people beyond the realm of politics has ranged in the circumference of a pitifully short lariat.

If a man can make a plausible speech, avoiding the more patent errors of grammatical construction; if he knows the patter of the current topic of political discussion, whether it be reconstruction, or tariff, or currency, or colonial expansion, or what not of economic surface stuff; if he has proved himself reasonably honest—

not exactly and offensively honest, but as honest as the times will permit; if he is indomitable, persistent, untiring and of single purpose, and if, added to these traits, he has some strong, dominating quality of character which carries him to the head of the herd, he may be President of these United States if his luck is good, and welcome to it.

But he must strangle his sense of humor with an unflinching hand. Sometimes the people call a man to the White House for a few years who smuggles in a bit of eru-

dition, who has a grasp of the principles of human government, who carries a supply of unpleasant moral courage, and who preserves a wholesome, sunny philosophy of life which cheers his fellows in the treadmill. Of course, there are lapses to the rule, for sometimes the people misjudge a man—underestimate him. But the rule holds nevertheless.



EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON IN 1899.

This preface is necessary to explain the presence in the White House from 1889 to 1893 of Benjamin Harrison, of Indianapolis, Indiana. Harrison was a gentleman. The basis of his character was a strong, manly instinct to do the civil, honest, dignified thing in every contingency. Now a gentleman is the joint product of heredity and environment. And it may not be out of place in this brief account of the career of Benjamin Harrison to glance casually at his ancestry and hastily at his environment.

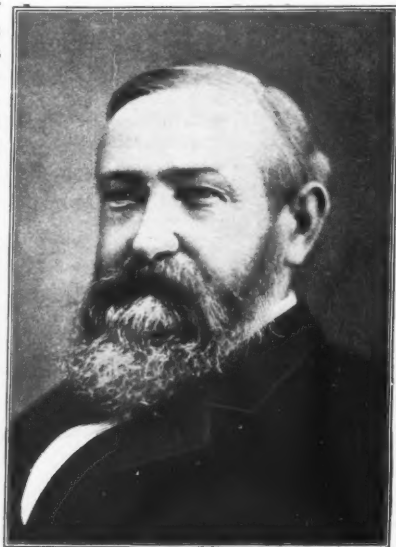
Harrison had a noteworthy heritage—a great-grandfather and a grandfather. In America grandfathers are uncommon, great-grandfathers are extremely unusual, and the man who has both is as rare as the seventh son of a seventh son. Harrison's great-grandfather, Benjamin Harrison, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and a famous fighter in the Revolutionary war. He was a Virginian and therefore a politician. His contemporaries describe him as a man of "exceptional candor," which probably means that he was not loath to practise the gentle art of making enemies. They say he was a big, stout, gouty man, and doubtless one who would have his little joke. Perhaps the sparkle in the Virginian's eyes was reflected in the kindly light that beamed in the Indianian's face. William Henry Harrison, son of the Revolutionist and grandfather of the late Benjamin Harrison, became famous as an Indian-fighter, and when he won the battle of Tippecanoe he garnered his first laurels. But he accumulated his family quota of enemies. He was courageous, headstrong, a stickler for dues, and an outspoken man little given to salving with oleaginous tact the wounds his words happened to make. In estimating

the character of a grandson it is well to remember these things of his grandsires.

The father of Benjamin Harrison was a farmer, and young Benjamin, born at North Bend, Ohio, in 1833, grew up with all the advantages that accrue to a boy who has to toil in the open air. Hard work stripped off the bark of family conceit that might cling naturally to the grandson of a President. But there was strength in young Harrison, and the enforced industry of life on the farm gave him an energetic habit. In the early fifties, while yet a boy in his teens, he entered Miami University,

probably packing considerable ambition in his trunk, for he soon became a leader in the school, and was one of the founders of Phi Delta Theta, a college fraternity with chapters to-day all over the country and particularly active chapters in the middle West; as its spirit is Western, it stands for what must have been young Harrison's ideals.

Harrison left this school, married and went to Indianapolis, when he was barely able to get his name on the poll-books. He opened a law-office, but clients hesitated



GENERAL HARRISON AS A SENATOR-ELECT.

before his door. He was a little man; and his friends say that in his youth he was handicapped by a little man's pretense to pomp. But he was blessed with industry and perseverance. Despite his diminutive stature, he elbowed himself into the place of court crier in an inferior Federal court. That office enabled him to drive the wolf from the door. His first client escaped conviction for burglary, and the verdict made a small reputation for Harrison as a lawyer. He worked hard and kept his reputation polished. No case was too trivial for his best endeavors. He took up politics, local politics in his ward, and gave it the same careful attention that he bestowed

upon his practise. By sheer force of will Harrison became what is known as a "mixer." He showed himself friendly. He worked at friendship as a trade. But the spiritual growth that came to him as he widened the horizon of his heart, in the end helped him more than the friends helped him whom he may have sought with anything but ideal purpose. When the war of the Rebellion opened, Harrison was reporter of the Indiana Supreme Court, an elective office that carried a liberal salary. He resigned this office to go to the Civil War. He enlisted as Second Lieutenant, and was made a Colonel before the regiment started South. He went at tactics with the brain of a scholar, the heart of a gentleman and the energy of an ambitious beaver. The official reports say that his strength lay in drill, in preliminary work with his troops, in providing them with food and shelter before action. The caution which he, as a boy smaller than his fellows, must have had ground into his character by the iron of savage youthful experience, rose in him in his battle-days, tempered a dashing spirit and gave it craft. Thus the soldier was made, a soldier whom men in the ranks loved and called Little Ben, and whom President Lincoln made Brigadier-General at thirty. There was not the hit-or-miss of genius in Harrison's success. It came as the sure consequence of unstinted, well-directed work and vigilant ambition. The glory that came to Harrison at Peach Tree Creek and at Lookout Mountain followed his long hours of study, his days of drill and weary maneuver, as surely as harvest follows planting.

General Harrison came back from the war a man; his character was formed; it did not change in all the years that brought contentions and honor and sorrow and much fame and always the daily round of hard, relentless work. The lines of his character only deepened; their courses remained unchanged. He continued to the end brave, industrious, punctilious in gentle courtesy, a bit crafty and reserved—but he always was frank where silence might convey a falsehood—and in every crisis and in every routine of duty, however trivial, he was a sincere, uncompromising gentleman.

After the war Harrison resumed his place as reporter of the Supreme Court. In that

office he broadened his equipment as a lawyer, and when he left it he had an exceptionally clear theoretical knowledge of law; and during the decade that followed, practise gave him skill and acumen. Politics hindered rather than helped the building of his private fortune; honesty was a necessity, not a luxury, with Harrison, and for a poor man in the seventies honesty in politics was a little expensive for every-day use. So in 1876 Harrison formally withdrew from politics. He declined a gubernatorial nomination and went back to his law-office with the sweet serenity of a man who has put Satan behind him. But a few weeks later the gubernatorial nominee withdrew in the heat of the fight and Harrison came out of his law-office, took the rejected nomination and set out to carry Indiana for General Hayes. It was a heavy burden, and although Harrison led his ticket, the state went Democratic. After that he made no more abstemious vows, but let nature take its course.

After serving on the Mississippi Commission, he was elected to the United States Senate from Indiana in 1881. He was elected because he was a clean man, popular with the people on account of his political integrity. The people had never been told things by Harrison which they discovered after the campaign was over to be vote-catching tomfoolery. He never deceived them with promises he did not expect to keep. He did not try to flatter them by pretending to believe their judgment infallible. He did not fawn. He was a gentleman and proud of it. It seemed wise for the Indiana Republicans to indorse a gentleman that year, and the ambitious Harrison went to the Senate.

The United States Senate, when Harrison entered it, was not exactly a sanctuary of sweetness and light. There were Senators present then who were improving each shining hour. As Senators they were making the desert to blossom as the rose and as private citizens they were retailing the blossoms at handsome prices. Judge David Davis sat with Harrison the day that he came into the chamber to take his seat, and as the Senators fled by, Davis called them off as Adam named the animals in the morning of the world: There came the jackal, the vulture, the sheep-killing dog, the

gorilla, the crocodile, the buzzard, the old hen, the dove, the turkey-gobbler, and as the big hulk of a greedy Westerner, coarse, sodden, growling, insolent, came swinging in heavily, Judge Davis pointed his stubby forefinger at the creature and exclaimed, "A wolf, sir; a damn hungry, skulking, cowardly wolf, sir." It was a pretty bad lot, the Senate of that day, yet in it Harrison worked effectively, and in six years came out stronger than he went in, unstained, with clean hands and a good name. During these six years, before the chatter about high ideals became politically popular, Harrison exemplified quietly and without advertising it a principle of civic righteousness. It did not occur to him to make an outcry about it, any more than it occurred to him to pride himself on the fact that his body was clad in decent raiment. His civic righteousness was a private matter between a gentleman and his conscience.

There can be no doubt that a great ambition to be President stung him during his senatorial days, but it only made him work hard. The reserve that was a part of his character was unbroken. He did not go about slapping people on the back, calling them by their first name, and assisting the other Senators with their public larcenies. Harrison went in for a personal record. He made that record honorable. He played the game of practical politics without a marked deck and never stole a trick. In the end he trusted to the geography of the situation, which demanded an Indiana man, and to the excellent organization of Mr. Dudley and his blocks of five.

In the campaign of 1888, which ended with the election of Harrison to the presidency, there were no really great issues before the people. The Republicans straddled the currency question and the Democrats "spurred for position." Both parties agreed that certain imposts revenue should be raised, and the debate occurred on the method of raising the needful amount. To this debate Harrison brought a remarkable gift of lucid, coherent, logical rhetoric. It was not an occasion that demanded oratory. No great human interests were at stake. The tariff question was one of expediency. The people decided to try the Republican expedient—a protective tariff—so they voted for the Harrison electors.

From the day of his election to the presidency of the United States, Harrison began to live the part. He had personal ideas about the presidential office which were exasperating to the Republican politicians familiar with the chummy air of Arthur, with the always inoffensive attitude of Hayes and with the blunt, frank, cordially nonchalant demeanor of Grant. Harrison decided to be President to his finger-tips. He declined to farm out the job by subletting acres of patronage and by discussing national politics with the various grooms of the back-stairs. He recognized all of the time-honored rights of Senators and Representatives, of committeemen and citizens in carriages, to recommend persons for places under the administration, but as President of the United States he held the absolute right to appoint. Recommendations didn't "go," except recommendations of good men entirely satisfactory to Benjamin Harrison. There were no exceptions to this rule. If a Senator recommended for any place, however trivial, a man against whom there was a sustained charge of incompetency or dishonesty, no matter how earnestly the Senator urged, the candidate was rejected. Now when a Senator or a Representative has grown up in the notion that a public office is a private snap, that the patronage of his state is his in fee simple, to have and to hold, such notions as the Harrison notion of patronage are disconcerting to an alarming degree. When a Senator had "promised" a place, it was always embarrassing, and often humiliating, to have to break a promise to a bad man and make an alliance with a good man for the sake, merely, of the crotchet of a President with hoity-toity notions of duty. Another thing that made the pathway of the place-brokers a hard road to travel was this: President Harrison refused to announce his appointments until they were publicly read to the Senate or to those who as government officials should know them in the routine of duty. Often Senators wasted valuable time haranguing President Harrison about the appointment of candidates whose nominating papers were made out and on the desk. But never a word of his intention escaped the President's lips. Now Harrison seems to have had two reasons for this course, each characteristic:

First, although he probably did not put it first in his self-analysis, was the fear that he might wish to change his mind, and the desire to be uncommitted and free to change. This was the craft in him coming to the top. Second, the instinctive feeling that the functions of the presidential office were, even in small matters, too important, too confidential, to be subjects of gossip. He knew how he was reviled for his course. He knew that he was laying up treasures of hatred and storing away interest-bearing bonds of vengeance. But he did not compromise. Harrison seems to have held old-fashioned notions about his duty to his God and his conscience and his country, and he let the traditional liaison between the legislative and executive branches of the government, for the division of political booty, go hang. So he was assassinated by an adjective: he was called "cold."

Frigidity is the high crime of American politics. A man may be charged with theft, and prove an alibi. He may be deemed treacherous, and offer in extenuation the pressure of ambition. He may be indicted as a demagogue, plead guilty, and go unscathed. He may be convicted of every other crime known to politics, and yet find salvation; but let it be even insinuated by the most vague and remote circumlocution that he is "cold," and the portals of political damnation inexorably click at his back.

Harrison's public utterances reflected his gentle breeding. He was a maker of epigrams. His messages were short, his addresses brief, generally not over a thousand words; but they were thoughtful, and a gentle charm of simple, direct phraseology, inherent in all his deliverances, won the listener and the reader even against his will. Yet Harrison was not what the politicians call a spellbinder. He displayed no emotion whatever in his speeches. He roused no passions. But his words mirrored the man's soul—a clean, well-appointed spiritual area wherein grew wholesome, vigorous thoughts, indigenous to the English-speaking races. There was nothing Gallic in his cast of thought, nothing Latin. His verbs demolished fences of circumlocution, and his adjectives kept him off stilts and close to earth. So he did not pirouette in elaborate figures nor strut with highfalutin bombast around Robin Hood's barn.

Here is an example of the way Harrison reached his most effective climaxes:

It was on the occasion of the dedication of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at Indianapolis, August, 1889. After finishing his introductory remarks, President Harrison said: "The suggestion that a monument should be builded to commemorate the valor and heroism of those soldiers of Indiana has attracted my interest from the beginning. Five years ago, when the people assembled to unveil the statue which has been worthily set up to our great war-Governor, I ventured to express the hope that near by it, as a twin expression of one great sentiment, there might be builded a noble shaft, not to any man, not to bear on any of its majestic faces the name of a man, but a monument about which the sons of veterans, the mothers of our dead, the widows that are with us yet, might gather and, pointing to the stately shaft, say, 'There is his monument.' The hope expressed that day is realized now. . . .

"This is a monument by Indiana to Indiana soldiers. But I beg you to remember that they were only soldiers of Indiana until the enlistment oath was taken. From that hour until they came back to the generous state that sent them forth, they were soldiers of the Union. So that it seemed to me not inappropriate that I should bring to you to-day the sympathy and cheer of the loyal people of all the states. No American citizen need avoid this monument or pass it with unsympathetic eyes. It does not commemorate a war of subjugation. There is not in the United States a man to-day who, if he realizes what has occurred since the war and has opened his soul to the sight of that which is to come, will not feel that it is good for all our people that victory crowns the cause which this monument commemorates. . . .

"Our spirits have been borne up to-day to meet those of the dead and glorified; from this place we shall go to our homes more resolutely set in our purpose as citizens to conserve the peace and welfare of our neighborhoods, to hold up the dignity and honor of our free institutions, and to see that no harm shall come to our country, whether from internal dissensions or from the aggressions of a foreign foe."

The plain force of the language that re-

vealed his unpretentious nature was repeated in his public acts. They also were simple and direct. The little craft the man used in lieu of animal strength was used to accomplish legitimate ends. While he was President he confined himself to the legal metes and bounds of the office. He played politics, but it was American politics. He did not use the patronage of his office to extend his sphere of influence. He was content to exercise the simple, old-fashioned constitutional functions of his office. After Harrison reached the presidency he developed a fine philosophy. He had reached an intellectual stage where this philosophic outlook on life showed him the futility of ambition for power. His training as a lawyer gave him a deep, practical respect for the spirit of the law which defined the prerogatives and powers of his office. He was not even tempted to bribe Congressmen with patronage to vote for measures of his designing. He disdained the power which he might have had by encroaching upon the bounds of the legislative branch of the government. He was not suspected of influencing the judiciary. He was a constitutional President, and with all his gelidity, this man who insisted on keeping his feet under his desk during office hours and his breath out of other people's faces and his arms off their shoulders, was never accused of assuming to be the director of the government. As President of the United States, he was a plain little man, white as to hair and beard, who kept his elbows to himself at dinner and seemed happy in full dress or in a sack-coat, who insisted always that public business should be transacted in a public manner and not after the informal fashion of the Forty Thieves. Perhaps he was almost a shade pompous at times when he tried to express in one small body all the dignity that he felt was due the people from the President of the United States. Yet if he demanded that those who dealt with him in the White House should deal with the President of a great nation, he held just as sacredly inviolable the rights of the people to make their laws, however bad, and left the courts free to interpret those laws, at whatever variance with the presidential opinion the interpretations might be. In writing the history of the United States it

may be that future historians will go back to the days of the kid-gloved administration of Harrison to find an example of a constitutional President who guarded the liberties of the people, even though he scorned to pander to them by flattery and though for their frailties of judgment he did not even try to conceal his amused dissent. It seems now likely that among the Presidents elected in the great epoch following the Civil War to the close of the century, that President who has played sycophant to the people least will be shown to have respected their rights most scrupulously. Nor is this strange. For, since time began, the strong men, the kings and the nobles, have handed rights down to the weak—the commons and the peasants. Substitute brains for birth, kind hearts for coronets, read ignorance and indolence and vice for the peasantry of the days of kings, and you have democracy. Human nature is the same. The strong man dominates. Popular suffrage is powerless to establish equality. Is it therefore not likely that the strong man who is a gentleman will have more respect for popular rights than will the strong man who has won his place by demagoguery? The gentleman has his own resources. The panderer must filch his power if he would live in fame. There is but one place in a popular government from which a President may steal his power—from the people. The American people are richer in rights when a gentleman like Harrison lives in the White House, even though he does not take the politicians to his bosom and play with their watch-guards.

Probably Harrison's reserve of manner, which came from an exalted sense of official dignity, was contrasted to his apparent discredit by his proximity to the suave, graceful urbanity of Blaine, his Secretary of State. The two men were antithetical. As each was a strong man and their ambitions converged, they were bound to clash. Blaine's coming to the Harrison Cabinet was typical of the two men and their inevitable relation toward each other. An early announcement of the choice would have made Blaine the leading man in the Harrison Cabinet, and would have left an easy inference that Blaine had helped to choose the other members of the Cabinet. It was characteristic of Harrison that, while

he had decided early in November to call Blaine to the Cabinet, he did not announce his intention until late in the winter, when he gave out the names of the other members of his Cabinet. It was a game of craft against intrigue. Craft won.

Blaine did not dominate the Harrison administration, and not being able to rule, unconsciously and without malicious intent or design he helped to cause the downfall of the administration. Blaine's very presence at the White House was an object-lesson in rebuke—so thought the offended Senators, whose treasury-looting prerogatives were abridged—to the taciturn, reserved, dignified, self-contained, restrained Harrison. The politicians organized into a sort of unacknowledged, subconscious rebellion. Blaine was the Guy Fawkes. The gunpowder did not explode at the Minneapolis convention; but there was sedition in the air.

Harrison tried every subtle art known to an honest politician to keep friends with Blaine. The President deferred to his Secretary in public, and was considerate of him in private. But Harrison never let go of the reins. Blaine was respectful and deferential to his superior. As Secretary of State he often wrote diplomatic notes, but invariably they were revised by Harrison and often the revisions were important. It was always the Harrison administration. Blaine took a gentleman's part in the matter and deferred civilly, probably without personal resentment, to the changes made by Harrison. The President was scrupulously considerate of his Secretary of State. Blaine was a veteran in national politics when Harrison entered as a novice. Blaine's brilliant mind, his wonderful versatility, his vigorous personality, his firm grasp of all his faculties, his delightful



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GENERALS HARRISON, WARD, DUSTIN AND COGSWELL AT THE CLOSE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

esprit and the infinite mesmeric charm of his manner fascinated Harrison. Harrison, to the very end of their official relations, struggled to be exactly fair. When Blaine went to Bar Harbor in the spring of '92, preparatory to breaking with Harrison, the President, who had conducted the Behring Sea correspondence with Lord Pauncefote, sent to Blaine in Maine the papers containing the final agreement in the matter, that the records of the State Department might show Blaine's signature to so important a transaction. Maybe Harrison's motive had its root in self-interest, the desire to keep Blaine from having just cause to complain; maybe his motive was altruistic, to do a generous deed to a suspected enemy. Very likely the motive was mixed, as most motives are in this world. But in either event it was their last official connection with each other. A few days after Blaine signed the Behring Sea agreement he broke with Harrison by withdrawing from the Cabinet. It was a sad business, for the events that followed killed him; and they crippled a strong man's usefulness in a world that needs strong men most sorely.

After the defection of Blaine came the

postmasters' National Republican Convention at Minneapolis. It was a gruesome affair. For the rank and file of the Republican party were rallying, with pathetic despair in lieu of enthusiasm, around Blaine. The party machine by its postmasters was cleated and clinched and welded around the nomination of Harrison. And in the background, sneering malevolently, were the watery-eyed, flabby-skinned, hotel-fed politicians, nibbling at the bitter cake of treacherous vengeance they had cooked. The word "cold" had done its work. It needed only the Homestead riots to fill out the cortège.

The defeat of President Harrison for reelection in 1892 was one of those events which Providence seems to visit on republics at times, apparently for no other purpose than to take the starchy pride out of the populace by proving to it, even beyond conjecture, that the people can and do make extravagant and ridiculous mistakes.

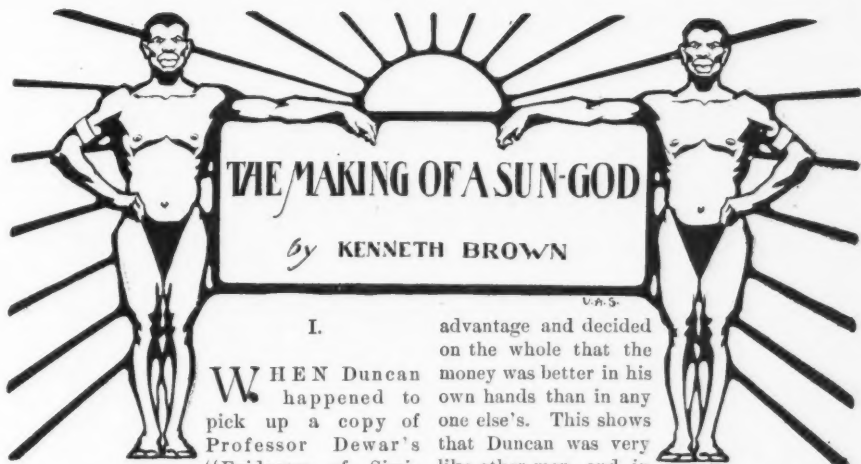
After his defeat, Benjamin Harrison went back to Indianapolis, where he "used to be so happy and so pore." He took up his life in a simple, American way, resumed the practise of law and became part of the spirit of his town. He lived the last nine years of his life decently and in order. Enough law business came to him to occupy him by day, and during his hours of leisure he devoted much time to books and the study of mankind. For Harrison was always a student. The degree he received from the little Ohio college did not satisfy him, and he did not quit studying while he lived. He read widely—general literature, fiction, poetry, essays, science, psychology, law, economics, sociology. In all these departments of learning he kept abreast of his times. This is uncommon. The average American politician, indeed the average American statesman, knows shop and can talk shop; beyond that—

Harrison, on the other hand, knew America—knew every side of it; knew its literary side as well as its political side; knew what aspirations were moving the people, what movements were current in American art, what scientists were striving for. When he retired to private life, he merely relinquished one routine of duty for another. Life was not bound up in the gratification of his own ambition. Harrison's soul was

anchored deeper than political ambition, so political defeat left him serene. It did not change his view of life, much less his character. Before 1888 he spoke his opinions freely, not caring who was offended. After 1892 he did not see any reason for cringing before popular opinion. He knew that the people and the wind are fickle and that their tendencies have little to do with the justice of any cause. He used the best means at hand in a civilized world to find out what was right, and if the politicians and the people happened to be wrong, that was their affair. A man of the people, a trimmer, a truckler, once defeated Harrison for Governor of Indiana. The defeat only made him surer of his own conscience and his own judgments.

In 1896, he threw himself vigorously into the fight for the gold standard. He believed it was right. In 1900, he stood by the gold standard, but he refused to go into the campaign, for he did not believe in colonial expansion. It was urged that he owed it to the Republican party to support it in every emergency; to which he replied in effect that his conscience and his self-respect had helped him when the Republican party was powerless to do so, and he would stand by them. It was a simple matter; political gratitude put in the balance against his sane judgment of the right of the question. His judgment outweighed his gratitude, and the fact that he knew he would be execrated, called a traitor and a sorehead—which is a much more biting epithet—did not weigh a hairbreadth. He was a gentleman unafraid.

And so Benjamin Harrison lived his life to the end in peace and—for such was the serenity of his temperament—in contentment. He gave much service to his country. It honored him, and will always honor him, for what he gave. He fought gallantly and well upon his country's battle-fields. He sat in his country's council-room and made his wisdom some part of his country's laws. He stood in the place of honor, and was a just ruler and a brave one. But most of all, he gave his generation and the generations that shall follow the example of a wholesome, courteous, intelligent, courageous, ambitious American who was never afraid in any crisis to be a dignified Christian gentleman.



I.

WHEN Duncan happened to pick up a copy of Professor Dewar's "Evidences of Similitarity Between the Aztec and Boomwallah Sun-Worship," which made quite a stir in the scientific world recently, he lay back in his chair and roared with laughter, although Professor Dewar's work is not professedly humorous. Duncan is an African trader in a small way, and he knew the Boomwallahs before they were sun-worshippers. Indeed, he was so intimately connected with their adoption of that form of religion that his testimony would be of the greatest enlightenment to scientists were he to give it—though it would spoil a beautiful theory in a good book.

It is a story of simple savages, who had faith and whose faith betrayed them into the hands of their enemies; and teaches the moral that one should not cast parables before simple savages without explaining to them the peculiar characteristics of parables.

A few years ago, Duncan and another man went into the wilds of Africa. Duncan had a Krag-Jørgensen, a few Bengal lights, and certain articles to trade; the other man was a missionary, whose name, Downey, suited his pacific occupation. They were fast friends, but had different aims in life. One sought to save the souls of black men, the other traded with these and obtained much ivory in exchange for beads and things. Downey thought he was pouring light into dark, cobwebbed places, while in reality he was mixing up gods for them in strange fashion. Duncan saw his

U.S.S.
advantage and decided on the whole that the money was better in his own hands than in any one else's. This shows that Duncan was very like other men, and in no way to be considered a hero, although in the end he saved some lives and took some, which is the usual formula.

The Boomwallahs—until the publication of Professor Dewar's book—were a little-known tribe, about a fortnight's journey from the coast, in a northeasterly direction from Etricksport, where the steamer stops once every three months. The two white men went into the interior alone but for four porters, who laid down their loads on the outskirts of the village and, being imprudently paid by Downey, vanished into the forest. Duncan went off by himself and cursed at some length when he found what Downey had done. It was one of the disadvantages of associating with a missionary that he had always to go out of ear-shot before swearing, this entailing an interval of time that took away most of the savor of hot words. The deprivation was one thing that reconciled Duncan to not giving half the profits of his trading to Downey. He thought it worth the other half to refrain from the fitting word.

The missionary and the trader were received kindly by the Boomwallahs. Awaw, the medicine-man, who seemed to have the most authority, gave them a hut at one end of the village. There Downey took to his bed immediately, from the fatigue of the journey, he having insisted on carrying a share of the baggage, considering it unchristian to require the porters to do all the hard work. Duncan, who had carried not a pound more than his gun and

revolver, arrived in good condition, and at once began bartering with the natives, while nursing his comrade back to health.

At the other end of the village was a rude temple containing an idol called Oglewog, whom the Boomwallahs held in great reverence. Parson Downey heard of him on his sick-bed, and began to recover at once. He felt that he must arise and combat the idol's baleful influence among the poor benighted heathen. Oglewog stimulated him more than any medicine of Duncan's.

While Downey was confined to his hut, Duncan avoided the question of the idol and all ceremonies relating to him. For his own part, he would not have minded making a polite call on the idol and sending him a present of a few ounces of red beads. On some of the trading trips he had made alone he had found this good policy—not as a worshiper, but as an equal paying his respects to an equal—but being with Downey, he felt that it would in a measure stultify the words of the missionary if he, the militant power, were to recognize the idol in any way. He had, therefore, changed the subject whenever Oglewog's name had come up, saying that his sick friend was the medicine-man of the party and would attend to all matters concerning idols and such.

Duncan was an old trader in Africa and possessed the tact that comes to a man whose purse's fatness depends on his manners; and he won for himself a good place in the Boomwallahs' affection, even without presents to their idol. Downey had also had some experience; but he had never before been in a mission where others had not done the first breaking of the ground.

About six months before the white men came among them, the chief of the Boomwallahs had died, and strife had followed. Had the son been a strong man, he would have succeeded, but he was a boy of seven. Hence there arose many other aspirants, Umway being the most powerful. It happened that he and several other candidates were personally hostile to the priest of the tribe, Awaw; and Awaw feared that the position and importance he had enjoyed under the old chief would be lessened whichever candidate came out ahead. With a skill, therefore, that would have done

credit to the cleverest political trimmer of civilization, he played off one candidate against another until he effected a compromise on the young son of the dead chief, under his, Awaw's, protectorate, assisted by a council of head men.

Downey's method of teaching was more Socratic than that of most missionaries. He went about among the chief men of the tribe and talked to them as man to man. He invited their thoughts on religion and discussed them. He knew that the seeds of thought, if he could plant them in the minds of the principal men, would sink down through them into the hearts of their followers. He chose "Faith" for his exhortations, moved primarily because the Boomwallah language contained a word nearly its equivalent. Earlier in his career he had paid no attention to the limitations of the black man's language; but he had found it a heart-breaking job trying to teach the savages virtues for which they had not even names. A sense of humor might have taught him this, which, lacking the humor, he learned only by hard experience.

Duncan, during all this time, quietly pursued his accumulation of ivory and of the gold ornaments of the Boomwallahs, which they had obtained from natives farther in the interior. Occasionally he made excursions of several days' length away from the village to try to discover the source of this gold. He had no diversions from his business. Unlike most African travelers, he had no love of hunting. Though a good shot, he took as much pleasure in shooting at a target as at an animal. Upon one occasion, it is true, he went with Awaw and all the head men of the village on an elephant-hunt, and brought down the largest old tusker of the lot by a lucky shot through thick underbrush; but he did it as a grand-stand play to impress the natives, and hardly fired another shot until the march of Downey's enthusiasm brought about the catastrophe which resulted in their having to go away from the Boomwallahs.

Awaw, the priest, was an unusually intelligent negro. He talked willingly with Downey upon the merits of their different religions, and seemed moved by the array of arguments brought against him. While probably far from true conversion, he was



Drawn by V. A. Seoboda.

"HE . . . BROUGHT DOWN THE LARGEST OLD TUSKER OF THE LOT."

willing to coquet with Christianity for what there might be in it for him. Especially after the elephant-hunt did he think it might be worth while to continue his investigations into this new world Downey was opening up to him. Combined with a skepticism that was almost civilized in its intensity, he had a large amount of superstition, which inspired the periodic frenzy of his devotion to the idol, Oglewog, and which now moved him to accept the claims of this new god whose priest had come amongst the Boomwallahs. He had long private talks with Downey, which encouraged the latter very much. Awaw's manner to Downey at these meetings was that of the eager yet unconvinced seeker. In public he treated Downey with non-committal and distant deference. To his own people he said that he was consulting with the strange god and proving to him the superior merits of Oglewog.

Awaw was no less interested in the Krag-Jörgensen of the trader. He would spend hours, when Duncan was at home, sitting in the white man's hut, looking at it and studying it. The "barking stick," he called it, and once begged to be allowed to make it bark. Duncan laughed and handed it to him, saying: "It will not bark for you—try! You have not faith," he added as an afterthought, glancing slyly at Downey.

Awaw held the gun tenderly in his hands and looked at it with the longing some souls feel for the unknown. He prayed it to bark for him, and then laid it down with a sigh. The next time Duncan was away, he went to Downey and asked, "Is it true, if I have faith, the sticks will bark for me as they do for my white brother?"

"Yes," answered Downey after a minute's hesitation. He did not mean it literally; but he felt that these poor savages were children and must be answered as such. It would be impossible to explain to them all that followed in the train of Christianity, all the rise in the social scale, all the further steps in civilization which they would mount, once they took the initial step of conversion. Faith was Christianity, and Christianity was civilization—and then the erstwhile savage, or his sons, or his sons' sons, could make the sticks to bark. Had he thought that poor

Awaw was asking more than an idle question, moved by the mysteries of the white man, he would have tried to make the whole matter clear to him. But Awaw never referred to the subject again; he only sat and brooded.

This is one thing that makes the savage hard for the white man to understand. He broods over his great questions in life; the white man talks over his.

II.

Downey was no diplomat, nor did he understand the value of toleration. Perhaps in his vocation there cannot be the toleration that men find necessary elsewhere. When he thought the time was ripe; when he had talked a great deal to Awaw, to Umway, and to others of the chief men of the tribe; when the little chief was his devoted friend—for the children always liked Downey; when he had sounded the Boomwallahs' superstitions and knew they believed that any one laying sacrilegious hands on their idol, Oglewog, would be stricken dead—then, without ever consulting Duncan, whose advice he too often found tainted with opportunism, he planned and executed his great coup once and forever to destroy the power of the idol over the minds of these simple people.

There were some curious customs connected with the worship of Oglewog. He was kept, except on the great feast-day called "Choosing the Priest," in a temple whose every crevice was tightly stopped with the juice of the gum-tree, so that no rain might ever fall upon him. It was the belief that if any one spilled even a drop of water on the idol, he would be instantly struck dead by the god. Yet, of all sacrifices and offerings the liquid ones pleased him best. There was a certain perfume called "wooshla," made from a rare flower, and water scented with this was the gift most acceptable to him. He loved to have bowls of it set about his feet, though one drop spilled upon them brought forth his deepest anger. Every now and then some worshiper would be found dead in the temple, and it would be told that he had allowed a drop of water to fall upon the feet of the idol and had died. Whether these were killed by an enemy, who thus covered up his crime, or by the priest to

terrorize his flock, cannot be told. Life was cheap among the Boomwallahs, and no inquiries were ever made into these mysterious deaths. They served only to heighten the prestige of the idol.

Once a year the idol was brought out into an open space at one end of the village street. On that day it was forbidden every one to drink from sunrise to sunset. The most sacred religious ceremonies were performed, and on that day the fate of the priest was decided; for if a drop of rain fell from heaven, the priest and all his relatives were killed and scattered about the paddy-fields in such small pieces that even the buzzards could not find them. The day was called, as has been said, "the Choosing of the Priest," and was set, naturally, in the middle of the summer, which not only made the abstinence from water very irksome to the people, but reduced the priest's chances of death to nothing.

This festival Downey chose for the trial between the superstition of the heathen and his own religion. He did not tell Duncan of the scheme; there was a certain cynicism in Duncan's attitude toward the work of his friend that made Downey a little reticent about confiding in him.

In the midst of the most solemn part of the ceremonies, Downey strode forward, a gourd of water hidden beneath his linen duster. The Boomwallahs were all assembled, all strung up to the highest pitch of religious fervor, all with nerves overwrought by their abstinence from water on that terribly hot day. Downey raised one hand aloft and in loud tones bade the ceremonies stop, for the time had come when the pretensions of the false god were to be exposed. All turned to him in amazement, and before even Duncan had any inkling of what was about to take place, Downey walked up to Oglewog and dashed the full contents of the gourd into his face.

There was a hush of absolute horror over the assembled Boomwallahs at this sacrilege. Then a kind of groan arose, as most of them expected to see him struck dead upon the spot; and then with the rage of wild beasts they broke for him. Duncan, however, was just a little ahead of them. He had his gun with him—more, to be sure, because it was a sort of scepter or badge of superiority than because he any longer

feared the Boomwallahs; but that day it saved Downey and him. To do Downey justice, he would have gone ahead and done this thing whether Duncan and his gun had been there or not. He was no more a coward than he was a diplomat.

Two large trees, growing from the same root, stood just to one side. Grabbing Downey with a hand animated as much by rage as by a desire to save his life, Duncan threw him into the corner formed by these two trees, and brought his gun to his shoulder as the first savage leaped forward.

That was the time when bloodshed and murder and sudden death ought to have begun. And they would, but for the fact that the first savage was Awaw, frenzied and carried out of his usual non-militant attitude, with a spear snatched from the hand of one of the warriors not so quick to take fire as himself. Awaw, in the light of his actions on this occasion, must be considered a coward. He saw the gun raised—the fatal gesture that had preceded the death of the elephant—and before the leveled barrel of the Krag-Jørgensen and the blazing eyes of the Anglo-Saxon he hesitated. And that momentary hesitation saved the almost inevitable from happening. "Back!" Duncan shouted, and pulling his revolver from his belt, fired a shot close over the heads of the savages. Awaw fell upon his face from fear, and the others, seeing their medicine-man prostrate, thought him smitten by the terrible barking stick, and shrank back. "Hear me!" Duncan cried: "This is an affair between the two gods and between their medicine-men. If wrong has been done to your god, Oglewog, and he is stronger than our god, then we shall surely be punished. But if our god has vanquished yours and cast him down, then surely you do not wish to entrust yourselves to him. But the gods are stronger than men, and do not need that warriors should fight their battles. I, with this barking stick, could slay you all and leave your carcasses for the hyenas to gnaw in the night—you have seen it in the elephant-hunt; but I do not do this, for I know you are good men, anxious only for the honor of your god. Therefore, from the great power which our god gives to us, I will raise up Awaw, and he shall be unhurt; and there shall be no quarrel

between us, but it shall all be settled in good time by the medicine-men."

Duncan had wrought the spell of the orator, although it was the first speech he had ever made in his life; and murmurs of applause and consent came from the assembled savages.

Umway, former claimant of the throne, stepped out and said: "The words my brother warrior speaks are good. The medicine-men shall settle it: let us give them each a club and put them in the middle here, before Oglewog, and let them find which is best upheld by his god."

He spoke earnestly, and Duncan could hardly keep from smiling at this scheme, which so plainly was to rid himself of Awaw, whom he did not like. To hide his smile, he stooped down and poked Awaw, bidding him get up, for it was vouchsafed him to be alive again through the goodness of the god whose messenger he would have slain only a minute before. "What do you say to this?" he asked, not having any answer ready himself to the preposterous plan of Umway.

"It is borne in upon me that this is not a quarrel to be settled by clubs. Even as I lay there in death, my spirit having left my body" (Awaw cleverly accepted Duncan's hypothesis), "I truly saw that the gods would themselves settle this matter, but would settle it by great things that all might believe, not by the common club of the warrior. The white man, as you say, Umway, speaks wise words."

Matters quieted down after this. The idol was taken back to his hut with considerable diminution of dignity, and the general understanding seemed to be that the gods should fight it out among themselves. That night, however, Duncan insisted that he and Downey should take turns keeping watch against any insidious attack of the natives, though Downey was in favor of trusting to providence. Duncan took the first watch, and toward the close of it thought he heard the tread of stealthy feet and the sounds of moving bodies in the underbrush. He decided to keep awake all night himself and let Downey sleep.

Nothing happened during the night, while Downey slept and Duncan watched; but in the morning not a single native remained in the village. When the two

white men ventured out, they found every hut empty. The villagers had carried off Oglewog, too, and from this Duncan feared the worst. For three days they were left thus utterly alone, till the jungle animals began to come into the village and prowling about the huts. Duncan was thoroughly frightened. Flight, however, was impossible; and if it had been, he was not willing to leave behind him all the goods he had obtained by barter.

On the third night thereafter, Duncan again fancied he heard stealthy footfalls, and waking Downey—for Duncan used to sleep in the daytime and watch all night—they prepared to make as desperate a resistance as possible. Downey was no coward and had the ordinary American's knowledge of a revolver. Back to back the two crouched, awaiting the onslaught of the savages. But none came, though to the straining ears of both the night seemed crowded with invisible foes.

In the morning the village was as populous as it had been four days before. The women cooked breakfast, and the men sat in front of their huts working on their weapons, preparatory to going hunting, exactly as they had been used to. They greeted the anxious white men in the most matter-of-fact way, brought them mealies and game with the usual pleasant words of salutation, and then went about their business as if nothing whatever had happened to mar their pleasant relations. Duncan rumbled up his hair and wondered if he had been dreaming, and even Downey was staggered. But looking at each other's haggard faces, and at their possessions in their hut, piled up as best might be for a barricade, they knew they had indeed been through a nerve-straining time.

Downey wanted to question the Boomwallahs about their absence. "Not on your life," said Duncan. "They've been doing some heathen incantation to find out whether to have us roasted or boiled. Now if they've decided to keep us for dessert, don't you go and put the idea into their heads to have us for soup."

III.

After the return of the Boomwallahs, everything apparently settled down as before. Downey continued his Socratic



Drawn by V. A. Svoboda.

"AWAW HELD THE GUN TENDERLY IN HIS HANDS."

methods of conversion, walking about among the savages, making himself generally pleasant, and putting in a word here and another there for his cause. Duncan, to be sure, gave Downey an earnest lecture on proper methods of procedure with idols; and Downey, being an open-minded man, admitted that he had been indiscreet and had run the risk of doing more harm than good. He congratulated himself, however, that it had all come out right; but Dun-

can shook his head dubiously and resolved not to be separated from his gun even for an instant, so long as they stayed among the Boomwallahs. He also gave up his trips into the interior, and with one eye watched Downey, with the other the considerable amount of gold and ivory he had got together.

As time wore on and nothing happened, Duncan's fears appeared quite groundless; for not only were the Boomwallahs as

friendly with the white men as ever, but Downey made far more progress in his work than he had before. In his joy at this he began to think that, after all, the uncompromising boldness of his action against Oglewog had been best, and he plumed himself over Duncan with his mercantile standards of judging people.

Duncan listened to what Downey had to say on the subject, but at the end wagged his head doubtfully. "Perhaps you're right," he said, "about the iniquity of pandering to the baser elements, but this thing isn't ended yet. There's something in the air, and I can't make out what. The other night I did a little scouting around in the woods, and a crowd of 'em came by and almost caught me. There was only a new moon, but I should have said every blamed one of 'em carried a gun, if the thing weren't impossible."

"But the natives are friendlier than ever, and more eager for the Word," Downey protested. "Several of them came to me only to-day and asked me if I indeed spoke Truth to them. And their growing faith and understanding are most encouraging to behold." Downey fell into an almost exhorting tone. He always had somewhat the feeling of addressing a heathen when he spoke to Duncan on religious topics.

The protestations of the missionary failed to reassure Duncan. "That's just what is worrying me," he said. "Awaw and Umway both have asked me at different times if you told them the truth when you said the stick would bark for them if they had faith. I said 'Yes'—of course I couldn't give away the secrets of the firm;" he paused a minute, then added gloomily, "I wish now I'd told 'em you were talking through your hat."

The next day the trader spoke to the missionary again on the subject. "The Boomwallahs are certainly planning some deviltry. About twenty-five of them go off every day——"

"Just the regular hunting," interrupted Downey.

"No, it isn't. They leave here separately, but meet by that big sycamore where you cross the river on the way to the Aeas" (a neighboring tribe). "I managed to shadow Umway this morning as far as the ford and was just crossing after him, when

I heard an owl hoot above me and saw a young buck nigger grinning down at me. He was a sentinel, sure as shooting, and I appeared foolish enough."

As Duncan surmised, there was something important afoot, although he was far from guessing what it really was. Awaw's position before his flock was ticklish in the extreme. He could not advocate Downey's death without advocating his own as well, since on the holy day of the Trial of the Priest, water had fallen on the sacred person of Oglewog. Nor could matters remain in statu quo without the inevitable murmurs of discontent arising. With all leaders of men, Awaw knew that the secret of keeping his followers contented was to keep them busy. The scheme he devised was one of remarkable ingenuity—although, unfortunately, in the end it brought about his own death and the undoing of all Downey's work, besides leading indirectly to the publication of Professor Dewar's celebrated "Evidences." But what it was, the white men learned only later.

For about a month nothing happened. The natives were as friendly as ever; Downey was high in hope; and Duncan, while still fearing some calamity, yet at times thought he must be mistaken. Then one morning Awaw, Umway and twenty-five of the principal Boomwallahs came to the white men's hut and called to Duncan. As he stepped to the entrance, there seemed to him something ominous in the compact mass of warriors, even though he noticed they were unarmed. Duncan appeared, as usual, with his gun on his arm. On seeing it, Awaw gave a satisfied grunt and proffered his hand.

Without showing any fear, Duncan said in English to Downey, in the hut, "Get your revolver, and at the slightest hostile motion of our friend, shoot him—quick."

Duncan's tone showed Downey that something serious was at hand. "All right," he answered, moving close to Duncan.

Awaw reached forward and patted the gun, Duncan standing like a statue, but a statue of spring-steel, on a hair-trigger, if the mixture of metaphors may be allowed. Awaw grunted again. "It could kill many men!" he asserted, questioning.

"Yes, a myriad," Duncan answered,

using the Boomwallahs' word for a large flock of birds or an army of ants. He thought to impress them with his power for harm if they meditated treachery.

Awaw seemed pleased. "For the white man, yes. And for the Boomwallah, if he has faith?" he asked.

"That eternal question," Duncan said to Downey in English. "Why in hell did you tell them that?" He was strongly moved, or he would not have sworn at the missionary. Then to Awaw he said gravely, "For the Boomwallah, a score," using their word for a pack of wolves or a covey of quail.

"We thank you," Awaw said simply, and the warriors with him gave guttural grunts of pleasure. Several brought forward gifts, and then all went away.

Duncan watched them go with a puzzled expression. "Well, this beats me," he said to the missionary when the negroes were gone. "Open or secret enmity I can understand: treachery, hatred or theft—but what game these chaps are up to is more than I can see."

"It appears to me a perfectly natural occurrence," Downey answered. "They are a remarkably intelligent lot and they were simply trying to satisfy their curiosity." Duncan shook his head unconvinced.

That afternoon the Boomwallahs forsook their ordinary occupation. In the space before the pow-deserted temple of Oglewog, the idol, they piled a lot of fuel, and after dark lighted it. When it was blazing high, a band of warriors stepped forth, ornamented with paint and feathers and strings of lions' and tigers' claws.

They had never seen the Boomwallahs in a war-dance before; but Duncan knew it at once from the others he had seen in different parts of Africa. It amazed him, however, to notice that the warriors carried no arms.

The war-dance lasted all night, and Downey gradually lost interest in it and unobtrusively went to sleep, his head leaning back against the tree. As the first false dawn began to lighten the horizon, the twenty-five dancers started forth into the jungle, in the direction of the ford by the sycamore-tree.

"Do they go to fight?" Duncan asked an old warrior, after they had gone, speak-

ing softly so as not to awaken Downey.

"The Aees will fall like the grain-fields beneath the tread of the elephant," the old man replied.

"But they are unarmed and few. Why do not others go?" Duncan pointed to the grown men that had taken no part in the dance, still squatting before the fire.

"You were but two—yet you came amongst us, who are terrible as the herd of wild boars."

"Yes, but——" and perhaps involuntarily Duncan shifted his gun slightly on his arm.

The old Boomwallah smiled. "They, too, have faith," he said, "and they are twenty-five—you were but two."

Duncan could not see the connection. Changing the conversation, he asked, "Does Awaw always make war with the warriors?" His acquaintance with the priest had led Duncan to believe Awaw one who would urge others to fight rather than fight himself.

"No, he has never been before," the Boomwallah answered, "but he has faith." After a pause he repeated solemnly, "He has faith!" Duncan was nonplused, and greatly troubled.

All that day there was a curiously expectant air about the village. Duncan gave up trying to fathom the mystery. Instead, he busied himself arranging his belongings so that they were all ready for transportation. Two small packages he made of the gold he had acquired; if worst came to worst, he and Downey could carry them themselves. The rest, consisting mainly of ivory, he made ready in case he was able to obtain bearers. And food for several days was done up in two small packages and in two large ones.

IV.

At noon of the second day thereafter, as Duncan sat in the door of his hut smoking, he heard a great shout and saw the natives running toward the open space in front of Oglewog's old temple at the other end of the village. He turned to Downey, inside: "Put on your revolver, old man, and let's mosey along toward the scene of excitement; it's coming." He spoke very gently. Of late he had been of an irritableness toward Downey that only a missionary could endure.

"What's coming?" Downey asked, looking up from mending a hole in his coat.

"The crown of glory for you and hell-fire for me, for all I know."

Though the tone was light, Downey saw that his friend was not jesting. He picked up the revolver and stepped out of the hut.

They walked slowly toward the mass of blacks. Duncan laid his gun across the hollow of his left arm, fingering the lock lovingly. It worked so smoothly there was hardly a click.

"Don't go in among 'em," he warned Downey. "We shouldn't stand a chance there. Work around to those two trees where we stood 'em off the day you made your break."

But before they had time to do this, the savages turned on them with the mob roar. The mass parted, showing Awaw in a miserable condition. His cheeks were sunken; he was breathing in gasps, supported by two natives. He was covered with dirt and mud, and his scanty clothing hung from him in strips. Thorns had torn his flesh and streaked him with blood, and his eyes were bloodshot. He seemed almost dead, but the sight of the white men galvanized him into action. "Liars!" he screamed. "Betrayers of us, your friends!" He seized a spear from a warrior standing by and sprang toward them.

Duncan drew his revolver and, almost at arm's length, shot him dead. He rolled at their feet.

"Why is this?" Duncan sternly demanded of the other savages, halted by the fate of their priest.

"The Aees!" screamed a woman, holding a child to her breast. "They are coming. You have betrayed us to them."

Duncan did not stop to ask any further questions, nor to wonder why he should be held accountable for the defeat of the Boomwallahs. The Aees were upon them, and the saving of the tribe and of Downey and of himself devolved upon him. He stood for two seconds revolving schemes of defense in his mind. Then he commanded: "Come to the ford! I will defend you from the Aees."

He set off at a jog-trot, Downey at his side and the native men a little distance behind them. His manner, in spite of their fears and suspicions, reassured the

Boomwallahs. Had they had a leader, they might still have attacked the white men; as it was, with all their head men away, they obeyed.

Under Duncan's orders, they hastily ambushed themselves in the underbrush by the ford, while he took his place among the roots of the giant sycamore-tree, where his khaki suit was inconspicuous. Downey stood on the other side of the tree to guard against treachery from the rear. A few minutes after these preparations had been made, Duncan saw a man running toward the ford on the other side of the river. Stepping behind the sycamore, he said to the concealed warriors: "Speak not to your brothers: let them run on to the village. Wait for the Aees, and do not come forth until I call you."

Grunts of assent came from the bushes, and Duncan crouched down again among the roots of the sycamore.

The fugitive waded the river and kept on toward the village, his breath coming in sobs and his feet stumbling, but the death-fear urging him on. Two more followed shortly, and then others, till ten had crossed. One fell in the ford, so exhausted he would have drowned within ten feet of the shore, had not Duncan sprung forward and dragged him to land.

At last the chief Umway came into sight, pursued by a big Aee with a war-club. The other fugitives had been unarmed. Duncan gasped to see in Umway's hands what looked like a gun. In a flash he obtained an inkling of the true situation. He recalled the night he had seen the savages in the woods and had fancied they carried guns, although his reason had told him this was impossible. He recalled the questions of Awaw about the stick barking for those that had faith. He thought of the significant words of the old Boomwallah at the war-dance. And he groaned aloud.

The Aee was not more than thirty yards behind Umway, and gaining. Duncan raised his gun, but put it down again, fearing to hit Umway instead of the other. At the river's brink, Umway cast one despairing glance behind him at the close-pursuing savage. It was plain he would overtake him in the ford. He turned, and raised the barking stick, putting it to his shoulder in imitation of Duncan, and in a despairing



Drawn by V. A. Svoboda.

"HE LEANED LIMPLY AGAINST THE TREE, HARDLY CONSCIOUS."

wail prayed for it to bark for him as it barked for the white man.

The Aee gave a shout of triumph. He came on more slowly; his victim seemed assured him, and he wished to take no chances.

"It's got to be done," muttered Duncan. He aimed just to the right of Umway's neck where the head of the other negro showed, and fired. The Aee leaped into the air and fell at Umway's feet. The effect on the Boomwallah was electrical. He thought it was his stick that had "barked." Loud shouts of triumph burst from his throat. He seemed to lose all fatigue, and danced about, waving his wooden gun and shouting defiance and threats toward the Aees.

Duncan stepped out. "Come quickly across the river," he called. "Your friends are here. More Aees are coming."

"No! no!" yelled Umway exultingly; "the stick will bark and they shall fall. Alone I will kill them all."

"Your friends are here in the bushes," Duncan called back. "They did not see your stick bark. They do not believe you. Come and show them."

This appeal succeeded where every other might have failed. Umway waded across the ford and crouched down among the roots of the sycamore by Duncan. And there he gave no more trouble. Already the reaction had set in, and he leaned limply against the tree, hardly conscious.

Three other Aees came on a dog-trot down to the river. Duncan methodically picked off the first one; the other two stood dumfounded as their companion fell. Duncan shot the second, and the third as he turned to flee. He had lost the human feeling. He had forgotten about the Boomwallahs in ambush; he had forgotten all but the task of keeping the opposite bank clear of hostile natives.

The first that came were the swift ones, who had outrun the main party. Presently appeared, in a loose mass, about a hundred Aees. They gave a cry of rage when they saw their comrades lying dead on the shore, and sprang forward for revenge; and now Duncan's work became fast. Suspecting an ambush, they advanced behind trees; but Duncan shot through three small trees, and the Boomwallahs, peering out

from the bushes, saw, with a terror that almost froze their joy, that at each bark of the wonderful stick an enemy would fall from behind a tree and roll upon the ground.

The battle was not long. The Aees turned, oblivious of keeping under cover or of aught but their terror, and fled. Then Duncan came to himself, and laying down his gun told the Boomwallahs to pursue their enemies.

Umway had roused somewhat, meanwhile. Sitting on the ground, he had put his gun to his shoulder and prayed it to bark, and in his confusion he did not know that the shots that rang out were all from the white man's gun. After the Boomwallahs had crossed the stream in pursuit of the flying Aees, Duncan told Umway to come to his hut. The two with Downey walked back to the village. It seemed hard to realize that so much had happened so recently. Not a soul was in sight; the men being in pursuit of the Aees, and the women hidden deep in the recesses of the jungle. At their hut Duncan asked Umway to tell him of all that had happened. And what he heard made him marvel at religion and the things it could inspire men to.

It seemed that the thoughtless parable of Downey had sunk deep into the minds of Awaw and of certain others of the savages. They had accepted his as no idle or metaphorical words. A chosen band, off in a retired clearing of the forest, had fashioned, to the best of their ability, imitations of Duncan's gun, for the extermination of their hereditary enemies, the Aees. Duncan took Umway's gun in his hand and marveled at it. With savage retentiveness of memory they had copied every part of his Krag-Jørgensen, even down to the initials carved on the stock. For the blued gun-barrel they had used lignum-vitæ, polished and stained with pokeberry juice to the dull luster of the metal.

Without other weapons than these imitations they had gone forth to attack the strong tribe of Aees. It really was a magnificent manifestation of faith, and deserved a better result. Once Duncan broke in on Umway's telling to ask why, if faith was all that was needed, there was a necessity of making the sticks in that particular form. Then he stopped, remembering that

faith was a curious emotion—for who that ever went to a prayer-meeting to pray for rain, carried an umbrella?

"And what happened when you arrived at the village of the Aees?" Duncan asked.

"At first when we burst upon them and waved the barking sticks, they ran from us with loud cries"—Duncan surmised the Aees had seen guns before—"but then as we pursued them, some among them turned and hurled their spears at us, and two of us fell. Then the others came back in great numbers, and our sticks would not bark, and we in our turn were compelled to flee—and it is a weary distance, and most of us threw away our barking sticks, lacking faith; and all arrived here—all but the dead—without them. I, and I alone, had the faith of the white men, and for me it barked and mine enemies fell as the dry grass before the fire. And I shall be the mightiest warrior in all the country, and shall conquer the Aees and all the others as far as the sea; and my slaves shall be as many as the ants in the ant-hills and every man shall bow down and worship me, and——"

Umway had worked himself up into an exaltation that made him see large things. Duncan, however, had no time to indulge sees of visions and speakers of prophetic words. He interrupted him brusquely:

"Listen to me. You will not rule from sea to sea; and nobody will bow down before you; and the stick will not bark for you again." He interrupted himself suddenly to ask, "What has become of Oglewog?"

Umway was visibly taken aback.

"I am not blaming you," Duncan continued, "and I shall not blame. I only ask that you answer me with truth. Is he cast down, or do you still worship him in secret?"

Umway looked down and hesitated before answering. "Just a little wooshla and fat from under the skin of the hippopotamus," he said, in a low tone of voice.

"It is not ill," Duncan answered. "Oglewog and I are brothers, and I could crush you by looking at you, if you were not my friend." (Downey stood by, too horrified to speak. Events had got entirely beyond his control.) "I have permitted the stick to bark for you to-day, but never

again will it bark for you; for it is not right that common men should have these powers of the gods. But I will make you powerful as two men. You shall have the power of Awaw and of yourself; and you shall be chief of the Boomwallahs and shall take the son of the old chief as your own son, and he shall rule after you. Now you are to go to your hut and sleep after your great fight; and when many hours are past and you awaken, go among your tribe and find out how they feel to us, and come secretly and tell me."

Considerably abashed at this lecture, every word of which he implicitly believed, Umway left the hut and went to his own, as he had been commanded. When he had gone, Downey turned reproachfully to Duncan: "Is it thus you stultify my labors, pretending to be my friend? Why did you uphold the pernicious influence of Oglewog, and claim for yourself divine powers? Have you been working all the time against me, secretly, while I was laboring in the Lord's vineyard, and believing you my ally?" Downey would have continued further had not Duncan taken him by the shoulder and broken in on his lamentations.

"See here, old chap, you are a good man and all that, and I don't doubt that you know a heap more about saving souls than I do. But there's one thing you don't understand, and that is niggers in their wild state, when they've smelled blood—particularly their own blood. The smell of blood will make the Boomwallahs or any other savages slip all the Christian virtues that can be pasted on them in one generation. I *know* what I'm talking about. The chances are we'll have to leave this place as fast as our legs can waggle."

"Never!" cried Downey. "I will not take back my hand from the plow——"

"There's nary sign of plow here," Duncan interrupted, "and if you won't go any other way I'll have you gagged and bound and carried, and leave one of my elephant-tusks behind—which would make you expensive. I can count on Umway, and I think he can scrape me up half a dozen porters. Then with the aid of my Bengal fire I think I can create a diversion that will enable us to escape; and you go along—as itinerant missionary or as elephant's tusk, whichever you prefer."

Downey saw the trader meant what he said. After that he meekly did as he was bid, and aided him in every way. As to the Bengal lights and the matches among Duncan's effects, there had been a disagreement between the two some time before. Downey had wished to show them to the natives for their amusement and to impress them with the ingenuity of the white men. Duncan had objected. "This explaining things to the expanding intelligence is no go," he said. "It suits me very well at times to be a wizard rather than an ingenious white man." For this reason he had never struck a match in sight of the Boomwallahs; but to their astonishment would emerge from his hut with a lighted pipe in his mouth, without having been near a fire or having employed their laborious method of obtaining a light by swiftly revolving a stick of wood against another, with a bow and string. Now his reserve powers were soon to come in well.

V.

The next day, when Duncan and Downey went among the Boomwallahs as usual, they noticed a certain sullenness in the greeting accorded them. The white men appeared to take no notice of it, and made no reference to recent happenings, but Duncan completed his preparations for departure. Late that night, Umway crawled cautiously under the back of the hut to report the progress of events. The Boomwallahs at the ford had pursued the terrified Aees with great zest, and being fresh had overtaken and killed several of them, before the Aees, at bay, had turned and, outnumbering their pursuers, had forced them to flee again. The running fight had continued nearly to the ford, when the Aees, evidently fearing another such catastrophe as had befallen them in the afternoon, sullenly withdrew. All this had lasted well into the night, and the next day had been spent in recuperation by all the warriors except those left to watch at the ford.

As to the state of feeling toward the white men, Umway confirmed all that Duncan had feared. Had the Boomwallahs succeeded in completely routing and destroying their foes, very possibly they would have forgiven the white men the deception

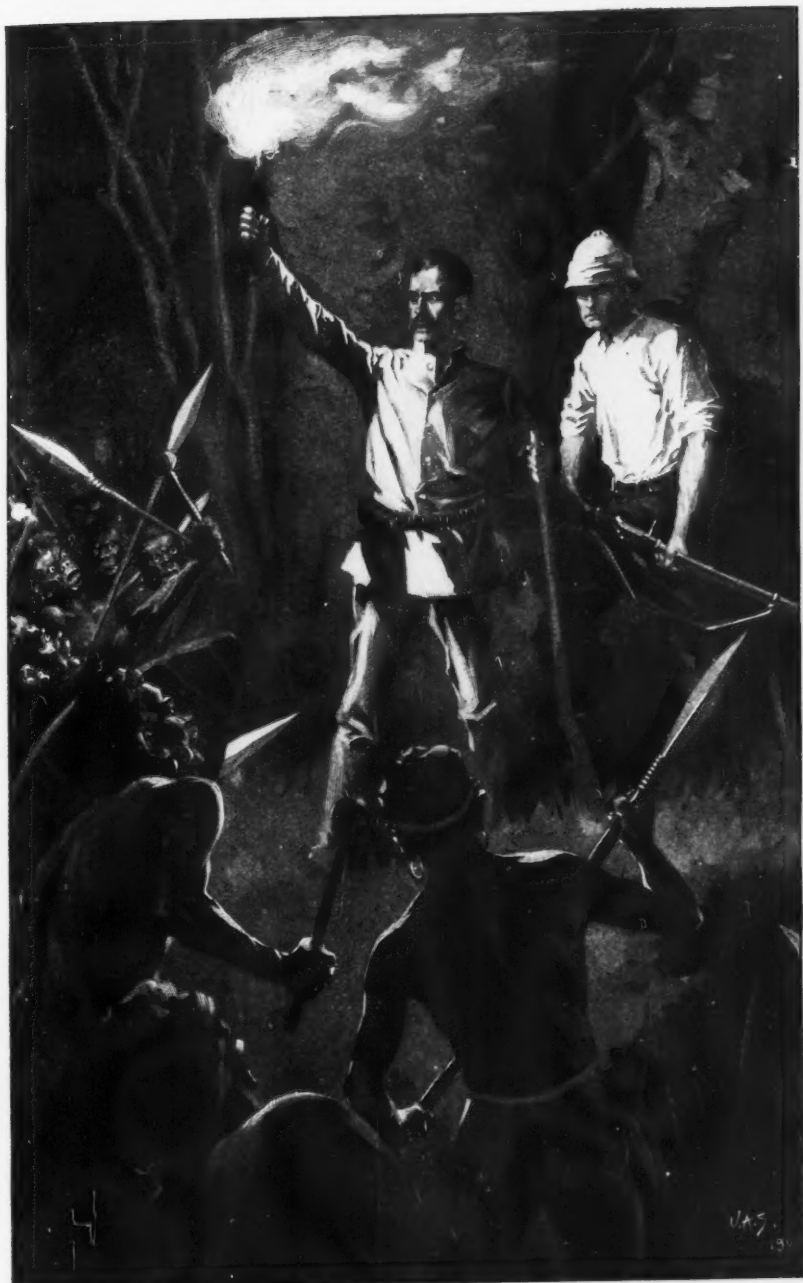
about the barking sticks, which had resulted so disastrously to them; but even with the slaughter effected by Duncan with his gun, the balance had been rather against the Boomwallahs.

"The hearts of my people are sore against you," said Umway. "Many have been killed through harkening to your words, and no victories make us to forget our sadness. To be sure, there are dead Aees, but each one keeps company with a dead Boomwallah. I have spoken many words for the white man, and others have also spoken; but we are feeble compared with those whose hearts hold hate. My brethren fear you and will hardly attack in open fight; but even now there are some watching not far from your hut that you may not escape and return whence you came. Only smooth words will greet you; but beware of the food lest it be poisoned, of the drink lest it be death, of the darkness lest it become the darkness of the grave. I am your friend. I will fight for you, if it comes to open war. I will watch for you, and I will warn you. If you flee, I will flee with you and serve you; but my power is small since you have taken away the strength of the barking stick from me."

There were sincerity and simple dignity in the words of the Boomwallah. Duncan sat thoughtful for some time after he had finished speaking. "Could you bring me six bearers to carry away what things I have gained in my trading here?" he asked. "And could you bring them to-night?"

"Yes," Umway answered. "Some of my young men would do what I wish for, or against, the white men."

Duncan pondered a few minutes longer. He puffed hard at his pipe, maturing a scheme for escape. At last he spoke to Umway: "Go quietly as you came, and get your six men and await me at your hut. When from the other end of the village you shall see a strange red light, like a sunset, filling the sky, hasten hither and await me." He sat imperturbably until the negro had gone. Then he jumped up and with feverish haste found three Bengal lights among his traps. He connected them with fuses so arranged that about fifteen minutes would elapse after one had burned out before the other lighted up. From a powder-flask he poured a handful



Drawn by V. A. Stoboda.

"LET NO ONE GO AWAY FROM HERE UNLESS HE WOULD DIE THE AWFUL DEATH."

of powder into a leaf and twisted it into a package. Giving his gun to Downey to carry, he took the imitation gun that Umway had made, lighted a torch and led the way forth into the village. Their appearance thus boldly, with the flaring torch, astonished the Boomwallahs. From the bushes around the hut came a rustling, and as they went on up the village, three big buck negroes, fully armed, stepped out of the underbrush and followed them. From the huts curious faces peered forth, and figures emerged and also followed. Near the twin trees, Duncan faced about. He held the torch high above his head and looked back with the assurance of a superior being. Thrusting the torch into the crotch of the twin trees, he called to one of the nearest warriors to gather a little heap of twigs and dried grass for a fire.

Duncan's manner was so full of authority that the negro spoken to, although one of the most bitter against him, unhesitatingly obeyed. While the native was gathering his materials, Duncan calmly scrutinized the mass of Boomwallahs. The torch fastened in the tree behind him enabled him to watch every motion of theirs. It was a picturesque scene: the two white men confronting the secretly hostile blacks, comprising the whole population of the village, except Umway and his six men, and bristling with spears and war-clubs. Those in the rear, by the instigation of the arm and the shoulder, urged forward those in front. The latter were held in leash by the assurance of the trader and his friend, and by the fear of the two guns they held in their hands—one the highest refinement of death-dealing instruments, the other a dummy, weaker than the bough torn from the tree.

When the sticks and dried grass were made into a little heap, Downey, at Duncan's order, lighted it from the torch, then extinguished the torch, the savages watching every action with increasing curiosity. Then Duncan spoke, slowly and impressively, stating fact, not pleading: "The time has come for us to leave you. To-night we shall disappear." He paused, and an ominous murmur arose in the mass of black men, while one or two edged out from the crowd, as if to surround him and prevent his escape.

"Wait!" Duncan's voice rang out in

startling contrast to his measured tones at first. "Do you dare to hinder us?" He turned quickly and threw the package of gunpowder on the fire. It took a second to burn through the leaf, and then the powder sent up a puff of blinding light and scattered the fire in all directions. Some of the savages shrieked, a few threw themselves face downward on the ground, and the rest cowered and no longer thought of trying to overcome the white men.

In the deathlike stillness that followed, Duncan spoke again, his figure only dimly to be seen by the faint light of the scattered embers.

"That you may not forget the commands I am about to lay upon you, I shall fix the stick that barks in this tree, and woe to him that disobeys me; for at him it shall bark and he shall fall down dead." Duncan placed Umway's dummy gun firmly, where the torch had been, in the crotch of the tree. "Would you see it—that you may know?" he asked. "Behold I will bring down one of the stars, that by its light you may see I speak not falsely." He scratched a match against the bark of the tree, and held it up for all to see the gun pointing at them. Murmurs of awe arose from the negroes. The hostile spirit was crowded out of their breasts. Duncan and Downey could have gone to their hut and slept without fear, that night. They might even have stayed on safely for some time. But Duncan knew that with the light, new awakening of courage comes, especially against the power of the mysterious, while forgiveness dies out before the fresh remembrance of wrongs. The natives might venture no open acts of hostility against the white men with their new reputations for divine powers; but Duncan could not rely on Downey to keep up the mummery when the stress of immediate danger was past; and besides, man is ever tempted to try the powers of his gods, and the secret poison of the theistic experimenter might end their connection with the Boomwallahs and the earth while yet every outward mark of fear and respect remained to them. He was quite willing to retire from the field with what goods he had brought together during his stay, and wished only to insure immunity from attack till he could get well away.

As the murmurs following the lighted match died down, Duncan spoke again. "Once more will I show my power." Addressing the negro who had collected the twigs for the fire, he said, "Irag, can the sun shine in the night?"

"The moon comes in the night," Irag replied, "and the stars—even such as the white man can pluck from the skies; but the brightness of the sun is only by day."

"Yet will I bring the sun here, at the foot of this tree, beneath the stick that barks and slays those that do not obey me; and it shall make the forest brighter than ever you have seen it, till the eye is blinded. And by my powers it shall be red as the poppy or as the blood that gushed from the wounds of Awaw when he sought to harm me. I shall not be here; but it will obey me—as well as does the barking stick in this tree. It will not stay long, but will go away. And after a time—as long as it takes to skin quickly an antelope—it will return; and this time it shall be yellow as the sunflower or as the hide of the lion. And again the sun will go away and stay so long as it takes to cook a mealie in the ashes; and then it will return, blue as the skies in summer above you—for it will be my blue eye looking at you to see that you obey. And after the third time my command lies heavy upon you to wait here until in the east the dawn comes slowly as you know it, and the sun, back in its rightful place, rises and shines throughout the long day. And while it shines you must all stay here and worship, fasting and bowing down to the sun, which is my eye, and to the barking stick, which is my wrath. And let no one go away from here unless he would die the awful death of the bark of the stick, until night is come, when you may go to your huts, and eat and lie down to sleep.

"Now I am going. Perhaps I may return some time. Perhaps never. Umway and six warriors, beloved of me, you shall not see till the moon comes again, grows full, and again begins to wane. He will return with a message from me about the barking stick, which shall be in his charge. Remember he is your chief, and the son of your old king is now his son.

"I go. Do not forget to remain where you are until another long day shall pass

and another night come. And here upon the ground I shall place a little star to watch you with its twinkling eye until the red sun and the yellow sun and the blue sun shall have come, as I have promised."

Duncan scratched a match high up on the tree—in after-years the Boomwallahs told how he reached up and plucked it from the sky—stooped down and lighted the fuse of the Bengal lights. Then he and Downey stepped behind the tree. The trader laid a warning hand upon the missionary's arm to keep him quiet. Had they gone at once to their hut, in the intense stillness, broken only by the sputtering of the fuse, their steps would have been heard; and Duncan wanted to disappear as mysteriously as possible. After a short time the first Bengal light flared hissing on the darkness. Then indeed cannon might almost have been fired off without notice from the petrified Boomwallahs.

The two white men walked cautiously, within the shadow of the tree, until outside the circle of light. Then with all possible dispatch they hastened to their hut, where Umway and his six porters were waiting. In a few seconds the burdens were lifted and the nine men started on their journey, Duncan carrying only his gun and revolver, and Downey, on this occasion, satisfying himself with the other revolver and a small package of food.

The red glare at the other end of the village caught the eyes of the porters, and they trembled somewhat at this new manifestation of the white man's power—they suspected him at once to be at the bottom of it—but they asked no questions and walked the faster. Umway alone spoke: "Are you destroying the village?"

"No," Duncan answered, "it is but something for them to remember me by."

They all walked quickly. The red glare died down. After some fifteen minutes, on top of a little hill, one of the porters looked back at the village and uttered an exclamation of fear; for a yellow light was streaming up toward the black sky from the blackness of the earth. Duncan chuckled to himself, and, no longer desirous of keeping in reserve his magic powers, lit a match for his pipe. Had the porters not been upheld by the burdens on their backs, they would have prostrated themselves at this

fresh miracle, with which he had already astounded the rest of their tribe. He carelessly threw away the match and then set out toward distant civilization at a pace that gave the porters thought for little else but their legs for some hours afterward. There was a kind of blind trail leading toward Etricksport, and this Duncan followed because he had now no fear of the Boomwallahs trying to pursue and harm him. The late moon came out raggedly in the east and helped them. Toward morning, Umway, for some cause, seemed to grow uneasy. "You will keep to the trail, will you not?" he inquired. "Yes," Duncan answered, noticing Umway's agitation and unable to find a reason for it. They stopped for breakfast, and as they were sitting quietly eating, an immense elephant broke through the underbrush and stood stupidly gazing at them. Duncan grabbed his gun and sprang to his feet. The elephant was of immense size, but what particularly attracted him was its tusks, larger and more perfect than any he had ever seen. If he could secure them, he could well afford to throw away all the rest of his ivory and carry them alone, since as specimens for some museum they would be worth far more than their intrinsic value as ivory. The cautious refugee fought for only a moment in his breast with the trader. Then he raised his gun. But for once Downey acted the prudent part. He put his hand on Duncan's arm, and the latter could not get his aim before the elephant blundered back into the jungle. Swearing, Duncan ran after him, while Umway, with a face almost blanched with fear, implored him to stop. But Duncan did not heed him. He tore after the elephant, guided by the sound of his crashing, and hoping for a little open space where he could get a shot at him. Duncan ran thus for about ten minutes and was on the point of giving up the chase, his natural caution returning to him, when suddenly he burst through the underbrush into a small clearing, in which was something that drove all thought of the elephant from his mind. A hut of unusual size stood in the middle of the clearing, evidently the temple of a native god. No other building was around, nor did there seem to be any persons stirring. Duncan turned to run, desir-

ing no further complications in his flight from the Boomwallahs; then he decided to investigate a little more, since his presence could hardly have remained unnoticed unless the place were, as it seemed to be, deserted. He walked around the temple without seeing any one, and then cautiously pushed open the door. Inside all was as lifeless as the rest; nevertheless he saw an old acquaintance. The idol Oglewog, with unblinking eyes, stared him in the face from the opposite side of the temple, his manner still characterized by that repose he had displayed throughout his existence, whether honored or insulted. Around the foot of the idol were gifts in greater profusion than had used to be there before Downey had offered him the terrible affront. Bowls of wooshla and of tried-out fat from under the hippopotamus' hide, with many other pleasing things, clustered about his feet. Duncan had small attention to bestow on these, however, for immediately in front of the idol was neatly piled a small pyramid of human heads. He whistled softly to himself. "I didn't know they did that," he said, with curious tremors running up his back. He looked more closely at them, and from the bullet-holes in most of them concluded they were the Aees he had shot at the ford. "I suppose they would like to cap that pile with Downey's head and mine," he said. "That's where they went those three days we sweated in the village alone. We didn't vamoose the ranch any too soon."

In a thoughtful frame of mind, he walked back to Downey and the porters at breakfast. There was an agony of interrogation in Umway's glance, but Duncan only said, in a disappointed tone, "I lost him." In a few minutes they took up their burdens and proceeded on their way.

This is about the end of the story. After more than a week's hard traveling, the little party reached Etricksport, and the white men found that they would luckily have to wait only a day before the arrival of a steamer to take them away. To Duncan's credit, it must be said he never mentioned to Downey his discovery concerning Oglewog and the increased reverence paid him by the Boomwallahs at the time the missionary counted them his converts. Certain details, now, after the lapse of time,

have obscured themselves in Downey's mind, and his ardent hopes have somewhat colored his recollections. He talks about going back to his sheep, the Boomwallahs, some time; but without Duncan's help it is doubtful if he could find his way, and Duncan has sedulously avoided taking Downey with him again on any of his trips among the wilder natives.

Downey has one grudge against Duncan. The day the party arrived at Etrickspport, Umway came to the white men and offered to accompany them to their country. Downey accepted the offer enthusiastically; but to his surprise Duncan opposed it with decision.

"What are you at home?" he asked Umway. "A great chief! What should you be with us? A servant!"

"And is it not better to be a servant of the Lord than chief among barbarians?" the missionary interposed hotly.

"Undoubtedly; but not necessarily to be the servant of a trader—or of a missionary."

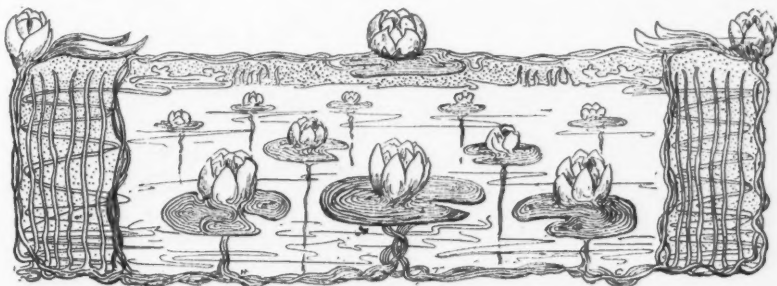
"Your detestable commercialism——" Downey flared up.

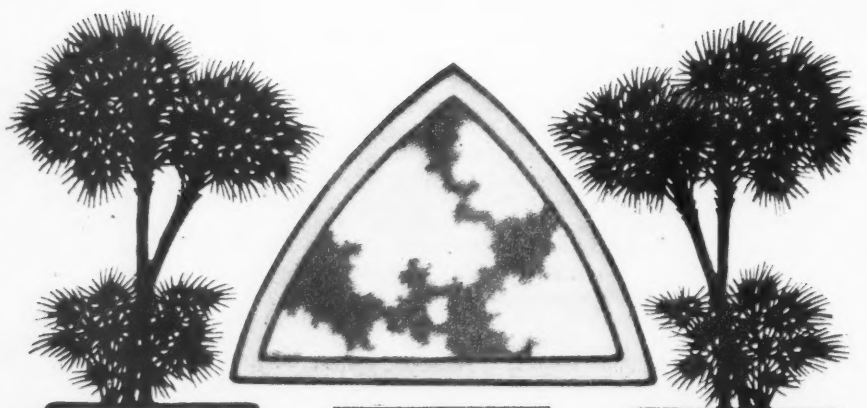
"Don't let's quarrel over one nigger more or less," Duncan interrupted. "We'll just put the case to him; and if he wants to go as a living testimonial to your abilities as a missionary—to proceh in a kind of Christian triumph—why, we'll take him along. You can tell him, I suppose, that when he comes with us to America he will find himself a Christian among Christians, taken by the hand by his white brothers, welcomed to a pew in their churches, invited to a seat at their tables?"

Downey was an honest man. He found that some of his generalities, believed by

himself, could not truthfully be turned into specific promises. Duncan soon prevailed, and Umway returned to the village of the Boomwallahs with his six young men. There he enjoyed unprecedented prestige as guardian of the Barking Stick, which he placed reverently in the temple of Oglewog, again installed in the temple at the end of the village. Of Duncan's flight he said nothing. One of the six porters once tried to tell that Duncan had walked away like any mortal, toiling many days through the woods to the coast. He never repeated his assertion. A dozen Boomwallahs jumped upon him and beat him for his blasphemy. Had not the whole tribe seen Duncan and Downey disappear before their eyes in a blaze of light such as the world had never seen before? And did not the sun, Duncan's eye, rise every morning as he had foretold, and look down upon them the livelong day to see that he was paid proper reverence? The injudicious porter held his tongue after this, and in time became the firmest believer in Duncan's divinity, and took the credit that came to him as one of those mentioned in Duncan's farewell utterance.

Duncan learned of his becoming the tutelary god of the Boomwallahs only from Professor Dewar's noted "Evidences of Similarity Between the Aztec and Boomwallah Sun-Worship." In it he read that the tribe worshiped the sun under the name of "Dungh-Khan," and with Dungh-Khan a minor god named Oglewog; and Duncan roared again over the learned professor's exposition of the relative positions of the two gods. He felt somewhat puffed up with pride. Not to every man is it given to beat an idol at his own game.

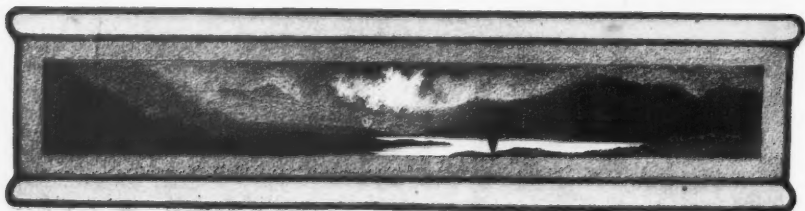




THE
TRAVELLER
BY
CLINTON BANGERFIELD

Child of the shifting desert sands,
Strange ways he oft had trod,
And he had known the loneliest
lands
Shaped by the hand of God.

But not until the city's ways
Flowed past his mute distress
Learned he in bitterness of heart
The depths of loneliness.



R. Emmett Owen

MY TATTOOED FRIEND.

BY CLARA MORRIS.

HIS name was Ezra Martin, and undoubtedly he was a pirate. When he was away and I thought of him suddenly, little cold creepies went all up and down my back, and when he came home and held out his hand to me, something jumped quick right up from my side into my throat, he frightened me so—ever so much better than ghost-stories.

The strange thing was that in that household of grown-ups, no one else seemed to know that he was a pirate. Of course, at that time he was an engineer on the Lake Shore Railroad, but he had been a sailor and had sailed clear round the whole world, and had crossed somebody's line, and doubled capes, and had killed whales that have corset-bones and lamp-oil in them, and thrown harpoons, and dragged anchors, and had seen monkeys without hand-organs and parrots that knew nothing about crackers, flying about quite wild in real woods. And he was swarthy-dark, with black hair and black, black little eyes that always had a tiny red spark in them, and he wore gold earrings—pirates always do that, always! And his beard? Oh! Captain Kidd in my picture-book had quite a common, honest-looking beard compared with Ezra's great bushy, wicked-looking one. And he had a long scar across his forehead, and he never wore a white shirt or an overcoat. He always wore dark-blue clothes. His trousers were very tight at the knee and very wide at the foot, and he seemed to have a lot of trouble to keep them from falling off, 'cause he was hitching them up nearly every time that he moved. He wore blue flannel shirts and in winter a thing he called a "pilot-jacket," and he carried a knife in a leather sheath, and the knife had spots on the blade—ugh!

Of course, he was very brave—pirates have to be, but anyway I heard one of the boarders say Ezra was the bravest man he ever saw, because he dared to call the landlady "mother," right to her very face. She wasn't his mother—she wasn't anybody's mother, which was a good thing for somebody. She just married old Mr. Martin, and he died very soon; then when she was Ezra's stepmother, Ezra turned pirate.

I was afraid of her. I slept in a trundle-bed in her room, and she came apart so. She put her hair on the bedpost and her teeth in a glass. I always covered up my head then for fear she might do something to her eyes—lay them out on the mantel-piece perhaps, which would have scared me to death. Ezra told me not to be afraid of her, when she raved and scolded so. He said she was all right, only I mustn't rub her the wrong way. And when, on my word of honor, I assured him I had never, never rubbed her any way at all, he roared with laughter and slapped his leg and "shivered his timbers," as pirates do.

But besides being an engineer and pirate, he was a living picture-gallery. Yes, just that. Every other Sunday, he was my panorama. He would turn slowly about, showing me all the lovely pictures pricked on his chest and shoulders and back and arms in blue and red and green inks. And he'd explain himself as he turned. And we were so sorry, both of us, that he could not show me a lovely pair of turtles he had, but his trousers were too tight at the knee, and that was right where they were.

The first time he held out his hand to me and I saw a great scaly dragon on it, blowing red-ink venom up his sleeve, I knew he was a pirate. Not because of the ink—lots of people wear dots and stars and things—but because of the dragon. My pirate was lovely up his back, particularly where the lady with the tiny waist and flounced skirt waved the flag on his left shoulder, but I liked better the big eagle on his right shoulder—which Ezra said was "a noble old bird."

Though he was such an interesting man, my pirate spoke very little to the grown-ups; indeed, with one exception, he was the most silent person I ever knew. I make the exception in favor of a young friend who was born dumb. And I was very proud when he would draw me to his knee and teach me to tell time by his gold watch, though at the same moment fright at being so near the sheath-knife sent goose-flesh all over my arms. When he gave me those lessons, he always sat on the edge of the wood-box behind the stove in

the sitting-room. He never sat on a chair if he could help it—except at table. He always seemed most comfortable and most cheerful when he sat on something with a very sharp edge. When he was away, I tried to sit on the same things but they brought tears to my eyes. On the porch he always sat on the railing, in the sitting-room on the edge of the wood-box, in the kitchen he was so happy if he could find a full wash-tub, for that gave him such a nice sharp edge to sit on, and then he would surely talk to me. All his best stories he told me from that tub, and one very ugly one about the unnatural cat they had on the ship he used to sail on. I had said I did not know sailors had pet cats on board, and he said there was but one cat, but it was quite enough, and he would hardly like to call it a pet cat, even though it was more popular with the officers than with the men. I asked if it was a pretty cat, and he pulled his big beard hard and said: "Well, no! He was strong and remarkably well-made, but he wouldn't care to call a cat-o'-nine-tails a pretty creature!"

Of course, I cried out that a cat could not have nine tails, but he said their cat had—that he had seen them with his own eyes, and, he added after a little pause, he "came mighty near feeling 'em, too."

"Would he have scratched you?" I asked, and Ezra said: "Scratched?—would he have scratched me? Why, child, he would have cut the skin from my body—but there, don't look so frightened; there are very few of those cats left now; the race is almost gone."

I began to pick up some of his words, from talking with him so much, and one day he was so tired he fell asleep, and by and by I called out: "Mr. Ezra—Mr. Ezra! wake up, please. 'All hands have been piped down to supper!'" and after that he always called me his "mate."

That made me very happy, but one thing worried me all the time. I wanted him to understand that I knew he was a pirate and that that dreadful fact made no difference in my affection for him. But whenever I'd try to give him a hint, I'd get frightened and stop.

He taught me time-telling, and how to tie a hangman's knot and a sailor's knot, and to make figures, and at last one day,

when I was lonely, unhappiness made me bold, and when my pirate came I looked right into his glittery eye and asked, "If you please, how did you use to make people walk the plank?"

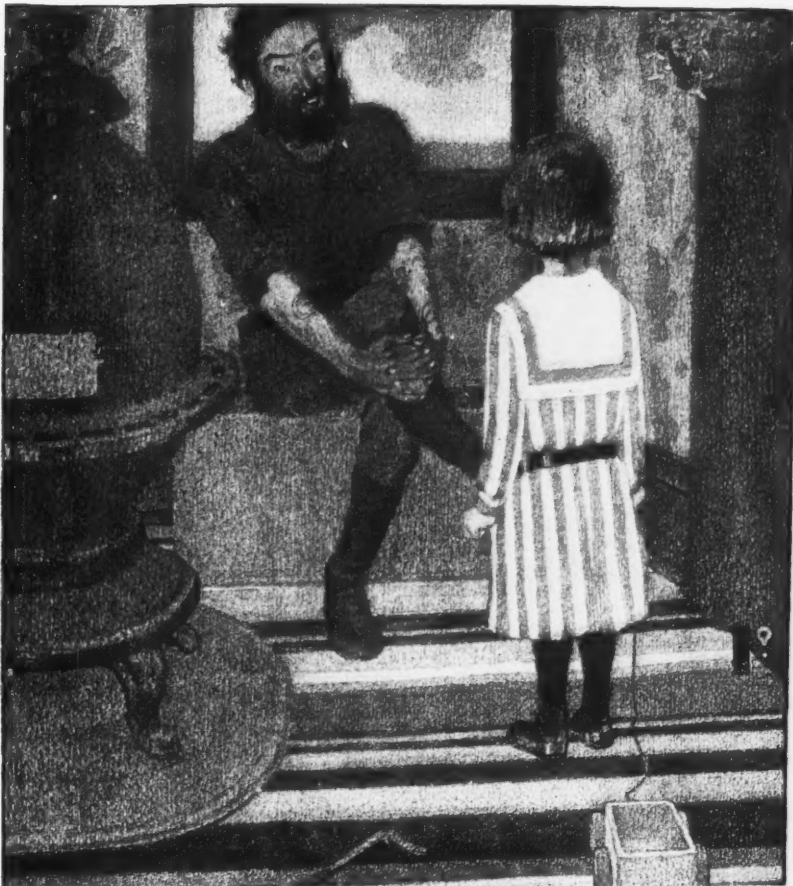
Of course, he understood then that I knew his secret. His hand went up to his beard, he looked at me a moment, then he stooped down and brushed at his trousers-leg, and his shoulders shook, and I saw that he was frightened; so I went quite close to him and put my hand in his, and after a minute he said, "Well, mate, I'll get a bit of board and show you right here in this tub of water, with that chopping-bowl for a ship, if you'll furnish a passenger to drown."

My china doll was too little and light, he said, so I got a bottle and filled it with salt and dressed it in my handkerchief, ready to meet its awful doom. And then—and then, that most piratical proceeding known as "walking the plank" was made so thrillingly plain to me that when the plank tipped and my passenger went down into the bluing-water depths, I gave a scream that brought out three or four grown-ups to see what had happened to me.

He was always kind to helpless or distressed things, yet being a pirate he had to do some swearing, though it was mostly sailor-swearing, which is quite different from just common land-swearing—which is, of course, very wicked indeed. He told me a good deal about the first kind. One day, while he sat on a sharp-edged barrel with its head knocked in, he said: "It's not wickedness but necessity makes the sailor swear. You couldn't keep the finest ship ever built on a straight course without swearing at her."

He very kindly explained the meaning of some of their swear-words. For instance, he said that to call a man in anger "a son of a sea-cook" meant generally a few days in the hospital for the one that did the calling. That to "blast a man's eyes"—just a plain "Blast your eyes!"—meant, "Don't do that again, or I'll lick you." But to "blast his tarry top-lights" meant he was far enough out of your reach to keep you from breaking every bone in his body, as you'd like to do.

He also remarked that if any sailor was ever known as "Bilge-water Jack"—or



Drawn by Belle Silveira.

"HE ALWAYS SAT ON THE EDGE OF THE WOOD-BOX BEHIND THE STOVE."

"Bill"—that didn't mean that he was the dandy or howling swell of the ship. As to the land-swears, he scarcely ever used them, and I used to think that if he had suspenders and didn't have to hitch his trousers so much, perhaps he wouldn't have sworn at all.

I think I said he was an engineer on the Lake Shore Road then, but I didn't say how much he cared for his engine. He always called her "Betsey," and he used to say she enjoyed having her toilet made as much as any lady would. He was very angry one day when one of the firemen called her "Cranky 44," and Ezra said, "It's

the tomfoolery of just such lubbers that spoils 'Betsey's' temper! Why," said he, "when she's just been cleaned and polished and oiled and properly fed, she'll fairly smile at you. Every man on the road knows that '44' works all right for me. But with the others she's cranky, and with one or two of them she'll jerk and plunge and rock and slide and act like the very devil—and one of these days she'll smash one of 'em, you see if she don't. Anyway, I wish they would be kept away from her. It takes days to get 'Betsey' quieted and running right again, taking hold of the rail and sweeping along smooth as satin,

swift as lightning. When she's sane and in her right mind, she understands the responsibility we share between us—for you see, matey, it's not freight but human beings we're dragging around curves and across trestles—and they are all trusting us so. And the very worst of 'Betsey' is that when her back's up she don't care a—well, she don't care how many people she may hurt, so long as she smashes the person she's got it in for."

Then one day, Mr. Ezra came in looking awfully bad. Why, he sat right down on a chair and stayed there for a minute or two before he found it out—so, of course, that showed something bad had happened. And just as he changed to the wood-box Mrs. Martin came in, and he looked up and said: "Well, mother, 'Betsey's' done it this time—her reputation's gone now, I suppose, for good! She smashed big Tom Jones last night—both legs broken—fireman hurt—track torn up I don't know how many feet, and—eh, what's the matter with my hand? Oh, that's from knockin' over one of the boys who was callin' 'Betsey' 'Bloody 44.'"

He felt very bad about the accident, and for several days he scarcely spoke, even to me; but his next Sunday was at our end of the line, and when I came home from Sunday-school he shouted out: "Ship, ahoy! Cast anchor, mate! Then spin us a yarn about your cruise in church waters!"

And I *was* glad! After a while I asked him how "Betsey" was, and he shook his head and said: "Bad, matey, bad! She's strained worse than they think she is—and she's as nervous as a runaway horse that knows it's killed its master. She won't mind me yet, no matter how gentle I am—but jumps and snorts and takes her curves only holding the inner rails, while her outer wheels go whirling in the air!" He shook his head again and sat on the edge of the box in frowning silence. I leaned against him and softly turned back and forth the gold ring in his ear. At last he heaved a great sigh and said: "Well, what is to be—will be! I'm mighty fond of 'Betsey,' and she may smash me if she wants to, but she mustn't smash the men and women behind me! No! she mustn't expect me to back up her tantrums *that* far." Then, to "change the subject to

something pleasant," as he said, he showed me how to tattoo people with India ink and a needle; explained the nature and use of the "belaying-pin"; and took some trouble to convince me that "spankers" were not things carried for the correction of disobedient children. After that he told me to lay a straight course for the wood-shed, and he would show me how to harpoon a whale, adding that the information might be useful to me some day.

Rather foolishly, I said, "Why, Mr. Ezra, there is no whale."

And he scowled awfully and asked, "Do I look like the lubber that asks people to a harpooning where there's nothing to harpoon?" and he hitched his trousers so hard I thought they'd go clear up to his shoulders, and told me to "heave ahead!"—when I was so scared I could scarcely stand.

But, lo and behold! the sitting-room carpet that came home from the cleaners lay in a great big roll out in the wood-shed, making a lovely whale. So, with pieces of clothes-line about our waists tied to the boarders' canes for our harpoons, we boldly left our big ship, entered our open boats and attacked the "monster." My harpoon struck almost everything except the whale. But he said the sea was heavy and young whalers often had that luck. But he *was* mad when I excitedly told him my oar was caught in the beast's gills; and he walked right off the whale's back and across the blood-stained waves and boxed my ears when I said the whale was "a-squirting" instead of "spouting."

Still, it was a lovely, *lovely* day, we never guessing it was our last. We lost two or three of our crew and had our boats stove in—indeed, few whales make so stubborn a fight for life as this one did—and she had just stopped churning the reddened waves when our dinner-bell rang, and, hot and happy, I rowed back to our big ship; and as we went in to dinner, Mr. Ezra promised that on his next trip home he would show me how pirates were said to "run down and board a rich merchantman."

"Oh," I cried, "that would be too good to come true!" and alas, my words were to come true.

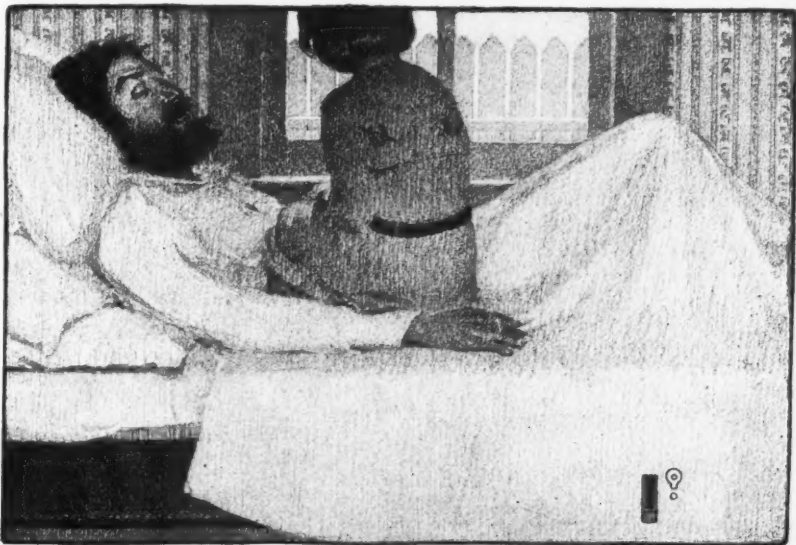
I had on my clean apron, and I was watching for my pirate's return, when a

strange man came in—all torn and crumpled and dirty, with cuts on his pale face and his arm in a sling; and he asked for Mrs. Martin, and he said: "I'm Ezra's fireman, mum, and——" then he stopped and his eyes went all about the walls, but wouldn't look at her at all. And she sat down so hard the windows rattled, and she said: "You're Ezra's fireman? Then what are you here for? What's happened? Are you clean dumb?"

I touched the man, and in a small voice gasped: "Please, sir, is it 'Betsey'? Has she hurted Mr. Ezra?"

people he saved are callin' him hero, but he's as blind as a stone. It was the steam, you know, that did it—for the Lord's sake, take the child to her mother, if she's got one!"

Oh, it was dreadful! Mr. Ezra lying so still in the bed and the room so dark, and the medicinny smell always there! And then when the light was let in, and the smell of drugs went away, I used to creep in as stealthily as a little cat and watch and cry and cry; and sometimes, thipking he was all alone, he would roll his head and say, "God—oh, God!"



Drawn by Belle Silveira.

"I CAME AND SAT ON THE BED, AND WE TALKED AND TALKED."

And he said, "Yes, her."

And Mrs. Martin said, "Then he's—he's dead—I suppose?"

But the crumpled, dirty man said: "No! he isn't dead—but he wishes he was. You see, it was this way: He wouldn't leave his engine! I saw what was comin', so did he! I called, 'Jump! jump for your life, Ez!' He had one hand on the lever, with the other he gave a hitch to his breeches, and shouted back: 'Jump and be ——! I stand between 'Betsey' and the people behind!' I jumped then, and am here all right. Ezra stood at his post, and went down in the crash." The

Then one day, he heard me sniff, I suppose, for he said, quick and sharp: "Who's there? Who is it, I say?" And I said, "Only matey, sir." And he held out his hand to me, and I came and sat on the bed, and we talked and talked, and after that he called for me every day—and I'm dreadfully afraid that I put on airs about it, though I hope not.

Then a day came when I had to tell my pirate good-by. He was well again and had already acquired many of the pathetic tricks of the blind. He was going to the far West, where with a friend he had a small interest in a mine, and the friend

thought that even as Ezra was, his knowledge of engines would be of use. The carriage stood at the door. Every one had said good-by. I followed him through the hall to the porch. He turned in the doorway and shook hands a second time with Mrs. Martin—whose false front was all crooked and whose face was working. I had a great weight on my chest and a pain in my throat. I did not know what that meant then, but I thought he was forgetting me—and now I know the pain and weight was sorrow.

Suddenly he stopped and held out his hands vaguely before him, and said softly: "Matey! I thought I heard matey's patter behind me in the hall? Are you there, mate?"

I was at his knees in a moment, and then he stooped and my arms were around his neck in a strangling hug, my face was buried in his great black beard. My pirate—whom I loved—and of whom I had but one doubt! Oh, if that doubt could be driven away! He tried to rise, but I held him fast—this was my last, last chance! I raised my face—I gulped and gasped out my question. "Dear Mr. Ezra," I said, "when you were a pirate, d—did"—I almost choked over it—"did you ever make any lady passenger walk the plank?" He hid his face in my neck a

moment, then in a shaking voice he said, "Mate, I give you my solemn affidavit that I never, in my goriest hour, made a gentle female thing walk the plank—nor held the poison-bowl to her lips—nor yet the dagger to her throat—and that's the truth!" And then he straightened up and burst into a laugh that fairly shook him from head to foot.



Drawn by Belle Silveira.

"I SPRANG AND CAUGHT HIM ABOUT THE NECK."

great beard. I just heard his "Good-by, little mate!" and he was at the wrong place by the carriage. The man caught his arm and pulled him to the door. Mr. Ezra hitched his trousers, stepped in and was gone. That he never killed any woman on the sea shows he was a kind man, though for all that—of course, you see for yourself that he had been a pirate.

The man waiting at the carriage-door said, "Come, Ez, you'll be late!"

He felt his way down the two steps to the sidewalk—he stopped—the laugh was gone. He turned and silently held out his arms. I sprang and caught him about the neck. He held me with one arm—he passed his hand over my hair—my face. He whispered, "Such an honest little craft!" He kissed me twice, then gently set me down; and from his poor, scarred, closed lids two tears slipped down and hid themselves in his



THE SUNKEN GARDENS AND THE COTTON PALACE.

A GREAT SOUTHERN EXPOSITION.

BY JAMES B. TOWNSEND.

OF the making of expositions there is seemingly no end. The Pan-American at Buffalo had hardly closed its gates in November last when the South Carolina Interstate and West Indian Exposition—better known as the Charleston Exposition—threw open its doors. Already ground has been broken for the great Louisiana Purchase Exposition, to open in St. Louis in 1903; Portland, Oregon, purposes celebrating the centennial of the Lewis and Clark expedition in 1905; Richmond, Virginia, is planning an exposition for the third centennial of the settlement of Virginia in 1907; the third centennial of the settlement of Canada by Champlain is to be marked by an exposition in Quebec in 1908, and there is a movement on foot to hold a great exposition in New York city in 1909, which will be the third centennial of Hendrick Hudson's landing from the "Half Moon" in New Amsterdam.

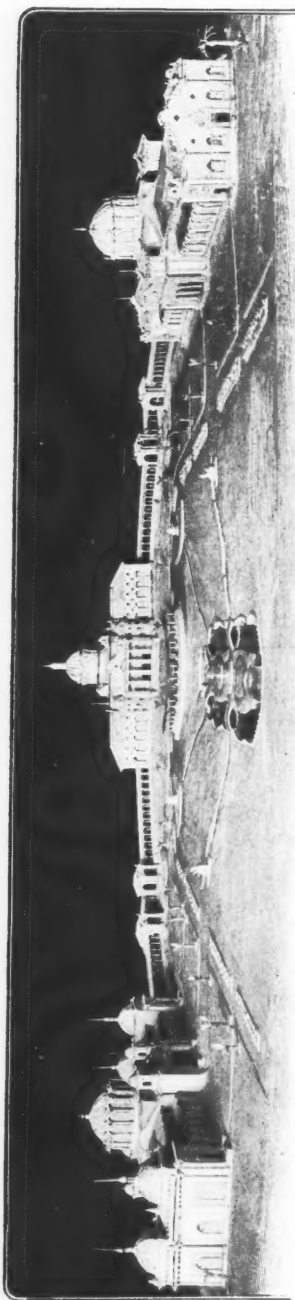
While international and national expositions

seem to have nowadays the same general character and salient features, they necessarily differ in details and conditions. These last are determined by the natural improvement of each succeeding display, based upon the mistakes of its predecessors and the continued education that these have afforded, but more particularly by their location and environments.

The Charleston Exposition, now in progress, is unique in that it is the first great winter exposition held in the United States since that of San Francisco in



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

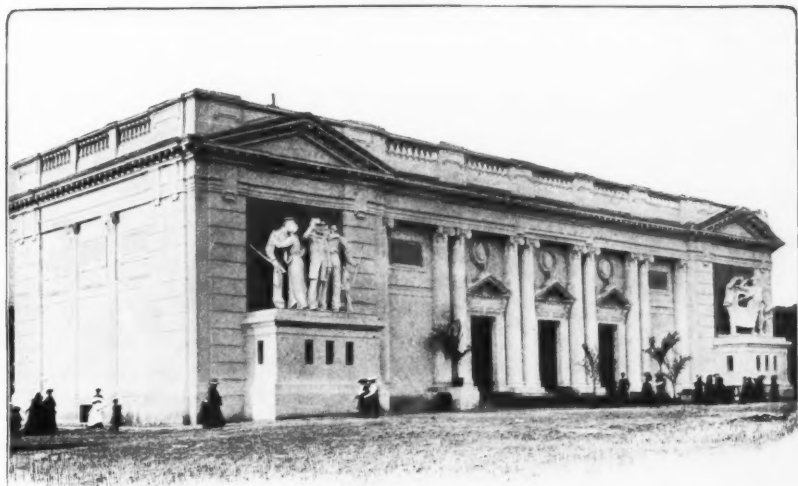


THE ARCHITECT'S MODEL OF THE COURT OF PALACES.

1893-94. A winter exposition, even in the South, is more of a venture from the uncertainty of weather conditions than can be one held in summer anywhere in the country. With the destruction of the forest in the great Northwest, those disagreeable visitants known as "cold waves" will sometimes sweep through the Southland until they are dissipated and broken up against that great wall of warm water—the Gulf Stream. And yet a winter exposition under sunny Southern skies has a charm, especially to the Northern visitor, peculiarly novel and fascinating. The great buildings, in their setting of palmetto and palm, and the green of the laurel and the live-oak seem more effective than on the arid plains where they are generally placed in the North, and, traced in fire at night, dim the radiance of "the soft lascivious stars peering from those velvet skies."

It is a far cry from Buffalo to Charleston—over a thousand prosaic miles in actual figures, but in midwinter seemingly half the globe in climate and surroundings. The traveler who turned his back upon the deserted halls of the Pan-American, swept by the wintry blasts from the North, and found himself thirty-six hours later in Charleston, her feet bathed in the almost tideless summer seas, her quaint old buildings recalling the far past, a warm sun making the city beautiful, and the Cherokee roses blooming in its old gardens, felt himself indeed the pleased victim of a transformation, carried by magic "from lands of snow to lands of sun." This feeling was heightened when a few minutes' ride from the heart of the city brought him to the Exposition grounds, where an army of workmen were putting the finishing touches on the Ivory City, as the Exposition at Charleston is called from the tint of its buildings. It is this feeling that most delights the dwellers in the North who visit Charleston in the winter and spring, and it is this contrast that is expected to attract the crowd even more than the interesting exhibits and the beauty of the Exposition as a whole.

The history of the Exposition is a brief one. It was organized in the spring of 1900 by a small group of business men who had concluded that, in view of the large diversion of trade and traffic from Charleston, in former years one of the most prosperous seaports on the Atlantic Coast, it was necessary to advertise to the world at large the resources, industries and capabilities of the city and its surrounding country. The moving and tragic history of Charleston, during the last century, is known to all men. Few places in the United States have more of social, political and war history. Its part in the Revolution is known to the schoolchildren

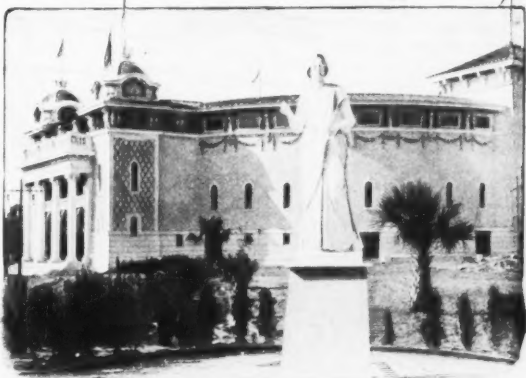


THE ART BUILDING.

of to-day, and pales only in comparison with its more recent experience during the Civil War. It has suffered pestilence, bombardment from foreign and civil enemies, the ravages of hurricanes and of fire, and alone of all American cities has the sad distinction of having been almost destroyed by an earthquake. From all these trials and tribulations Charleston and its people have emerged, often poor in purse and sad at heart, but always with undimmed hope for the future. This plan of displaying the arts, industries and resources of Charleston and South Carolina through an exposition developed into the larger and broader one of a more general display of the industries and resources, not only of Charleston and South Carolina, but of the entire South, our new possession of Puerto Rico, and its neighbor, Cuba.

The citizens, the Mayor and the City Council of Charleston, together with the Governor and Legislature of the state of South Carolina, heartily approved of the idea of an exposition, and the commercial bodies of Baltimore, Philadelphia, Atlanta and other cities were prompt in commending it

and in offering substantial cooperation. From the first it was also evident that the plain people of Charleston, the wage-earners and the people of small means, approved of the enterprise and were willing to do their utmost to make it a success. When it is remembered that the white population of Charleston numbers scarcely twenty-five thousand, out of a total population of some sixty thousand, and that the colored population, while peaceable and orderly, is poor and for the most part hardly self-supporting, the magnitude of the enterprise of an exposition under such conditions will be more appreciated.



AN APPROACH TO THE AUDITORIUM.



THE PALACE OF AGRICULTURE.

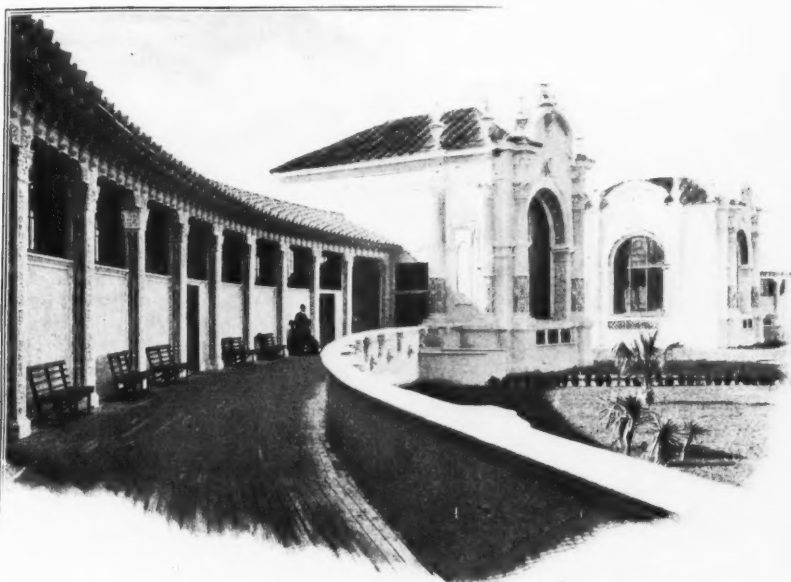
It had wisely been determined from the first that a special feature should be made at the Exposition of the industries peculiar to the South. A Textile Building, in which is given an object-lesson in the wonderful development of the cotton manufactures in the South during the past twenty years, was first planned. Liberal space in the architect's designs was allowed for exhibits of agricultural products peculiar to the South, such as tea, hemp and tobacco; of non-agricultural products, such as phosphate, and to exhibits of forestry, fish and fisheries. Arrangements were made to exploit the various resources of the state of South Carolina in detail and for a live-stock exhibit. The United States Government exhibit, perhaps the best at Buffalo, was secured, and in order to show the business

men of the South the possibilities of the further expansion of American trade and manufactures in the West Indies, special efforts were made to secure a comprehensive and general exhibit from Cuba, Puerto Rico, Mexico and the South and Central American republics. The business men of Charleston believe that with Cuba and Puerto Rico importing wheat, corn, bread-stuffs, hog and dairy products—in fact, most of the necessities of life—and with all the West Indian islands importing and needing large and constantly increasing supplies of cotton goods, there should be a market for everything raised and produced in the South at their very doors.

The necessary amount of subscriptions having been made, a company was chartered in October, 1900, with a capital stock of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to build and organize the Exposition. This stock was subscribed by the citizens of Charleston and the railroads which enter the port. A further subscription of fifty thousand dollars was made by the state, and a similar one by the city of Charleston. Further amounts were raised by the sale of stock, privileges and concessions, and for the comparatively small round sum of about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars the buildings were erected, the grounds laid out and the Exposition thrown open to the



THE PHILADELPHIA BUILDING.



THE EXEDRA AND COLONNADES CONTAINING THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT.

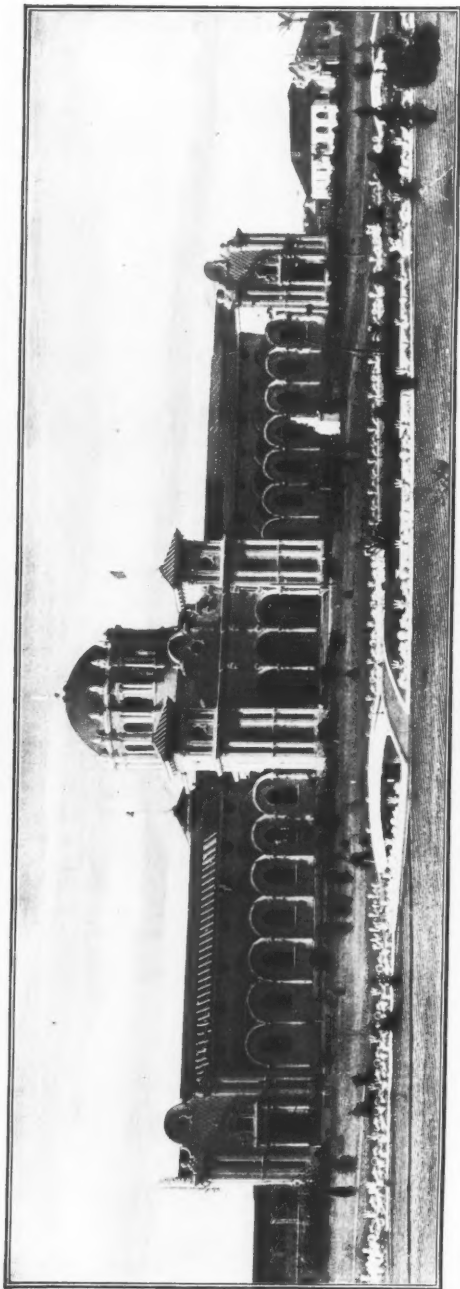
public. The greatest economy was practised, and it is claimed that no exposition was ever built at once so well and so cheaply, with a less deficit on its opening day. The sum total of expenditure on all the buildings and grounds did not exceed that of the erection of the Electric Tower at the Pan-American alone.

The site of the Exposition is a tract of land of about one hundred and fifteen acres on the eastern bank of the Ashley River, about two and one-half miles from the business center of the city and within the city limits. The grounds are easy of access from the city by carriage over good roads or by trolley. They are also reached by a branch of the Southern and Atlantic Coast Line railways on the east side, and by steamboat, a beautiful sail of a half hour from the city wharves, up the Ashley River. The grounds have a river frontage of nearly a half mile, and the river at this point is both wide and deep. This river frontage gives to what is called the "natural section" of the grounds their greatest

charm. The river is bordered by a grove of magnificent old live-oak trees and clusters of Cherokee rosebushes, which are green the winter through. All this part of the grounds comprised a plantation formerly owned by the statesman and diplomat, William Lowndes, a contemporary of Calhoun. The old Lowndes mansion, one of the best types of colonial architecture in the country, stands on the river bank, its wide verandas looking toward the west. This house has been wisely selected for the Woman's Building of the Exposition, and the ladies of Charleston have fitted it up in colonial style.



THE MACHINERY BUILDING.



THE PALACE OF COMMERCE.

Its rooms are filled with the choicest furniture and silver, loaned from the older houses of the city and state, and its walls are hung with old family portraits by such early American masters as Gilbert Stuart, Copley, West, Morse, Jarvis and Sully. In the rooms furnished by the Colonial Dames of South Carolina are relics of Washington's visit to Charleston during his presidential term, and on every side are objects of rare historical value and interest.

The principal Exposition buildings are thirteen in number, and comprise the Cotton, Commerce and Agricultural Palaces and the Minerals and Forestry, Administration, Auditorium, West Indian, Woman's, Art, Negro, Transportation, Fisheries and Machinery Buildings. The Court of Palaces, around which the main Exposition buildings are grouped, is twelve hundred feet in length and more than eighteen hundred feet wide. In the center of this vast area is a Sunken Garden seven hundred and fifty feet long by four hundred and fifty feet wide. This Sunken Garden holds a lake, spanned at intervals by rustic bridges, whose borders are outlined at night by fairy lamps. The effect of this Court of Palaces in the daytime, with its wide stretches of soft green lawns, its palmetto trees and its splendid surrounding buildings joined by long colonnades, with the lofty domes of the three palaces standing out against the warm skies, is remarkably beautiful. Seen at night, with the great buildings brightly outlined against the deep black shadows and the lights reflected in the still waters of the lake, the effect is even more enchanting. One misses the grandeur of the great fountain at Buffalo, and particularly the Electric Tower, but the Court of Palaces at Charleston is, apart from this one feature, quite as beautiful as the great court at Buffalo. The natural section is apart from the Court of Palaces, and is reached by a short walk or by the

miniature railroad, whose tiny trains, carrying hundreds of visitors, puff to and fro the day and evening through. It is the most distinctive and unique part of the Exposition. An artificial sheet of water, Lake Juanita, made by flooding a large marsh from the near-by Ashley River, has on its banks on one side the Maryland, New York and Philadelphia Buildings, and on the other the Machinery and Transportation Buildings. A graceful bridge, having in its center an electrical dome of colored glass illumined by electric lights,

gather each day to rest under the palms after seeing the more formal exhibits.

The walks lead through what is called the "Grove of Daphne," past the grandstand of the race-course, to the Art Palace—the most effective and artistic building, and the only fire-proof one on the grounds. This structure of brick, covered with white stucco, faces the east, and is divided into a large court and two side galleries, containing quite as representative an exhibit of modern American paintings and sculpture as did the Pan-American Exposition. The



THE COTTON PALACE AT NIGHT.

spans this lake at one point, giving access to the Machinery and Transportation Buildings, and farther on a dike confines the waters of the lake and forms the foundation of the appropriately placed Fisheries Building, in which the admirable Government Fisheries exhibit is made.

The natural section of the Exposition is more popular with Northern visitors than anything else, and the lawns and groves sloping away from the hospitable old Lowndes mansion are often used for meeting-places, and not a few luncheon parties

only picture painted by a foreign artist in the exhibit is Chartran's "McKinley Signing the Peace Protocol with Spain." The interest it attracts is even greater than that shown in the excellent statuettes of Gen. Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis, which stand near by—a significant evidence of the happy obliteration of sectional feeling in the South.

The feature of the Art Palace that will most attract and interest art-lovers is the unique exhibit of the works of the early American miniature- and portrait-painters.



THE PHILADELPHIA BUILDING.

The Philadelphia Building is another favorite resort of sightseers, for it contains the famous old Liberty Bell, which always arouses enthusiasm in American hearts. The four pediments of the Art Palace are surmounted by the sculptural groups typifying the American Army and Navy which adorned the recent Dewey Arch, now destroyed, in New York city. When illuminated at night, it is a most beautiful and effective structure, but is seen at its best under the flooding soft light of the Southern tropical full moon. Then it stands out against the background of live-oak trees and the placid river, an architectural dream.

But the visitor who lingers long in the Art Building must hurry on to the build-

ings beyond, which are, in order, those erected by the state of Illinois, pure colonial type; by the city of Cincinnati, Spanish Renaissance in style; the bark structures which represent Guatemala and Alaska; the Woman's Building, already described; the low, white, rambling Negro Building, and the effective wooden structure known as the Louisiana Purchase, or Missouri, Building.

Of all these buildings that erected and arranged by the negroes of Charleston and the South, through a committee headed by Booker Washington, will perhaps be found of the most interest to visitors from the North. In it are displayed exhibits which manifest the remarkable advance made during the last decade in industrial education among the negroes of the South, exemplified in the work shown by the pupils of Tuskegee and other institutes. Those visitors interested in the education of the negro will find in small compass in this building a most comprehensive and gratifying showing of the work that is being done to educate and better the condition of the Southern negro. Intelligent and educated colored men and women are in daily attendance at the building to explain to visitors the facts regarding the negro's industrial education.



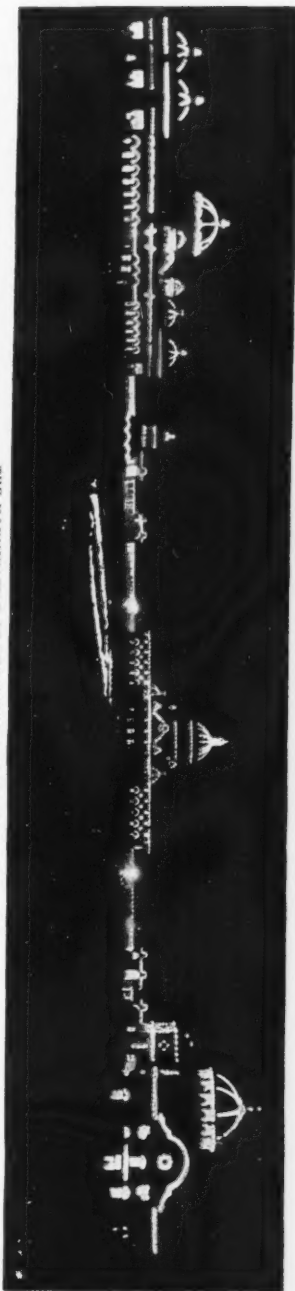
THE ILLINOIS BUILDING.

Thus far only the more salient features of the Charleston Exposition, and those which distinguish it from other expositions held in the United States, have been touched upon. Horse-racing has always flourished in the South, and in the palmy days before the war the winter meets of the old Charleston Jockey Club were great features of social life in the South, bringing to the race-course of the old city the flower of Southern beauty, wealth and chivalry. The Charleston Exposition has the added unique feature of a race-course, near the famous old Washington course of the Jockey Club, and on its half-mile track races are held every week. Across from the race-track are the live-stock sheds, where in January a remarkable exhibit of live stock was held. This has been succeeded in turn by a poultry-show, and a dog-show and other exhibits of the kind are in preparation.

Leaving the live-stock exhibit and crossing the Court of Palaces again, the visitor may stop in the Auditorium—a remarkably clever piece of architecture in the interior uses of the cantilever for the supporting trusses of the roof—to hear the great organ, built for the Exposition, played by some noted organist or to listen to the strains of some of America's most famous bands. From the Auditorium again the visitor proceeds to the West Indian Building, near the entrance of the Midway, where, under the care of courteous and intelligent attendants from Cuba and Puerto Rico, the various products of those islands are displayed to good advantage.

The sententious Dooley remarked in *THE COSMOPOLITAN* regarding the Pan-American Exposition that he was convinced that "where one man goes to an exposition to see the manufacture of mohair shawls or how watches are made, twenty go to the Midway." The Midway at Charleston is as it was at Chicago and Buffalo, at Nashville, Atlanta and Omaha—the delight, not only of the children, but, even if they do not confess it, of the children of larger growth who visit the Exposition. It is somewhat smaller in the number of its attractions than that at Buffalo, but its bizarre buildings are lined up on each side of a much wider street. Here are our old friends the Streets of Cairo, with the swing-paced camels, highly colored coffee-houses and weird music which one always associates with them. The wandering Eskimo are more paradoxical and strange than ever in this land of sunshine and flowers, and they probably suffer from the mild, balmy atmosphere which delights all the other guests of the Fair. Among the other shows frequented by the Midway crowd are "Darkness and Dawn"; the always amusing and instructive wild animals; the Old Mill, with its thrilling water-rush through long, dark passages,

THE ILLUMINATION OF THE COURT OF PALACES.





INDIAN GROUP.

the "Battle of Bull Run" in deference to the sentiment of the section.

Such is the Charleston Exposition broadly sketched. To be appreciated thoroughly, it must be seen and studied. On account of its purely Southern atmosphere, which gives it its chief attractiveness and charm, it is difficult to compare it with any of its national predecessors, even if such comparison were desirable. It has the advantage of original features, impossible elsewhere. The general plan of the grounds is an admirable one, giving broad spaces from which the architectural effect of the buildings, whose type is that of the Spanish Renaissance, can best be studied and seen. The majestic Cotton Palace is the most impressive and imposing of the structures. The building rises to a height of one hundred and sixty feet and shows a façade of over three hundred and sixty feet, broken by various pediments and projections and domes, red-tiled roofs and turrets. The motive is Spanish-American, simple and strong in contour and outline.

Those who visit Charleston and its Exposition will find the city an exposition in itself, and this is another feature of the display. Charleston is one of the most interesting of the older Southern cities, containing as it does so many quaint and picturesque bits of colonial architecture,

beloved of art and literature had early appreciation and cultivation. Settled in 1672, Charleston was moved in 1672 to its present site—a narrow neck of land between the Ashley and Cooper Rivers, very much like New York's. In fact, the likeness of Charleston's geographical position to that of New York is remarkable. If a New Yorker can imagine his city with its fashionable residences on the Battery, as they were in the old days, and ending, as it did a century ago, at Canal Street, with Central Park moved over to the North River and the Exposition there, he can plan Charleston to-day, even if he has never seen it. On Charleston's Battery, and overlooking its harbor and Fort Sumter in the distance, are the fine residences of Charleston's fashionable



HUGUENOT GROUP.

families, who are known as the "Battery Set." The quaint buildings of the town are in some of its older streets, such as Legare, Church, Tradd, the lower part of Meeting and Queen Streets and Rutledge Avenue. It is still a most conservative and old-fashioned city, and lives largely in the past and on its traditions. A town of sunshine and roses, it has slept since its last great disturbance by the earthquake, and it has been criti-

cized for non-progression. Its present Exposition is an evidence of the restiveness of its more active business men under this criticism and of their desire to awaken the city from its sleep. This very conservative



AZTEC GROUP.



THE OLD LOWNDES MANSION, NOW THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.

spirit and non-progressiveness, however, has given to its social life a touch of that refinement of Old World days which makes it, although old-fashioned, not provincial.

It is about the only city in the United States which has no society column in its two newspapers, and it is proud of the fact. It allows no mention of its social life and doings to appear even in the out-of-town press.

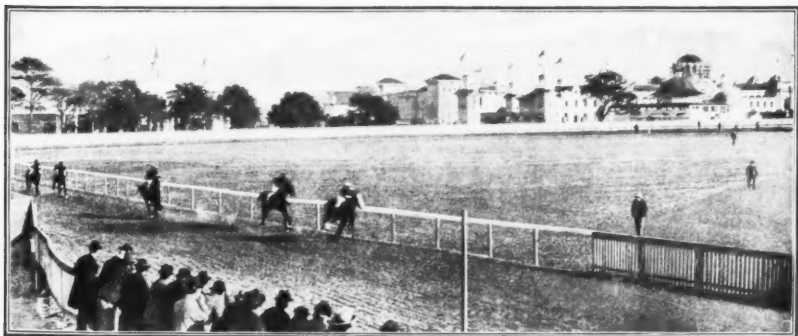
Notwithstanding this, the receptions and dinners of the winter season, in its stately, spacious houses with their old silver, antique furniture and family portraits, have a rare distinction and charm.

Charleston is a city of conservative business methods, and contains a great deal of

quiet wealth that makes its banks prosperous. While many of the baronial estates of the wealthy rice-planters and slave-owners in the vicinity of Charleston on the Ashley and Cooper Rivers have been abandoned, many are still occupied by families that have owned them for two centuries, and these homes are little changed since colonial days.

But it is the quaint old-world and old-time atmosphere of Charleston's homes and social life that gives the city its greatest interest, and to it Austin Dobson's lines most aptly apply—

"A queer old place! You'd surely say
Some tea-board garden-maker
Had planned it in King William's day
To please some florist Quaker.



THE RACE-COURSE.



THE PALACE OF AGRICULTURE.

"Only as fresh young beauty gleams
 From coffee-colored laces,
 So peep from its old-fashioned dreams
 The fresher modern faces
 "A place to live in—love—for aye
 If we, too, like Tithonus,
 Could find some God to stretch the gray,
 Scant life the Fates have throw us."

As has been said before, the chief object of the "South Carolina Interstate and West Indian Exposition" is to stimulate the trade and progress of the South in general and Charleston in particular, and to draw attention to the future possibilities of trade with the West Indies and Spanish America. But the average visitor, with no

utilitarian purpose in view, will not find fault with the opportunities the Fair presents for pleasure. Its location on the most beautiful site that could be found near the city of Charleston, with its quaint traditions and historic associations, could not be more fortunate. The attendance on December 1st, the day the Exposition threw open its doors to the public, was twenty thousand—more than that of the opening day of the Pan-American at Buffalo. All in all, Charleston's enterprise bids fair to be successful from the point of view of the business man, the student and the pleasure-seeker.

CITIES.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

CITIES, you take my fancy for a time—

Thoughts of the populous hives that hummed of old,
 Persepolis, and Babylon the bold,
 And the world's mistress, Roma the sublime!
 Likewise do those to which eld's mold and rime
 Cling not engage me with their tinsel-gold—
 London, wherein all human tides are rolled,
 Paris, compact of mirth, intrigue and crime.

Then do I turn to what seems far more fair,
 To the wide woodland and unsullied mead,
 With a rapt thankfulness akin to prayer.

What strifes, what hates, what narrowness, what greed,
 The unending stress, the ceaseless turmoil breed!—
 Not so, not so, doth God's free country air!



A FIELD OF GROWING CASSAVA IN FLORIDA.

NEW AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES—CASSAVA.

BY CONDUCT PACKARD.

DISSIMILAR from, and yet similar to, him who makes two heads of wheat grow where one grew before is the individual who introduces a new and valuable food-product to an area where before it was unknown. an important food-supply for the nations in many countries, while in the form of tapioca it possesses virtues with which few kitchens in civilization are unfamiliar. In its native home the skin is poisonous, but happily this

To the average Northern reader, and, for that matter, to him of the South as well, the word "cassava" conveys little or no meaning. As the plant bears within itself a larger amount of starch per acre than any other vegetable or grain, and as it liberally rewards those who cultivate it throughout the wide Piny-Woods Belt of south Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia and Florida—lands where millions of acres are still to be had at the government price—it follows that its future is of interest.

Cassava is in reality an old friend under a new name. Indigenous to tropical lands, the *Manihot utilisima* has long been



A CASSAVA-PLANT.



CASSAVA-CANE FOR SEED.

factor is eliminated, both by exposure to the air and by cooking. Many years ago, the parent plant was transported to the West Indies, and thence to Florida, where it not only thrived amazingly, but entirely lost its poisonous attributes in the migration. Cassava is essentially a long-season plant, requiring about seven months to come to full maturity, and therefore is not to be successfully cultivated much above the north line of Florida. It will, in its native habitat, along the equatorial line in South America and Africa, produce seed, but in subtropical countries is propagated by the stalk, or cane, as is sugar-cane.

According to Prof. H. E. Stockbridge,

of the United States Florida Experiment Station, the average yield of cassava per acre is eight tons of roots—the only edible part. As it thrives best on light, sandy soil such as abounds in the regions named—soil which has heretofore been regarded as of little value; as it carries seventy-two per cent. of starch; as it is eaten greedily by cattle, sheep and hogs, and so, aside from its value as a producer of starch, offers an article superior to corn, acre for acre, and as it is quite as easily cultivated as corn; and as it can be left in

the ground all winter to be gathered for cattle and sheep as required, it obviously follows that its importance is great.

Cassava is a many-branched shrub, of luxuriant growth, with dark-green, palmately divided leaves and reddish-colored stems, and the thrifty plants attain a height of five to six feet. The roots, or underground stems, are from one to three inches in diameter and from one to three feet in length at seven months' growth. They consist of a solid white tissue harder and dryer than potatoes.

Cassava withstands drought well, but is exceedingly sensitive to frost. It produces well with only moderate applications of



ROOTS SIX FEET IN LENGTH.



CASSAVA STALKS AND ROOTS.

fertilizers, and in experiments made at the Florida Station the best results were obtained by an application of sixty-two and one-half pounds of acid phosphate, one hundred and fifty pounds of cottonseed-meal and thirty-seven and one-half pounds of muriate of potash, per acre. After frost, or after the yellowing of the leaves, the plants are cut off four to six inches above the ground, the stems left furnishing a hold for lifting the root from the ground.

In propagating cassava, as has been stated, only the canes, or stalks, are employed. At planting-time these stalks are cut into pieces three to four inches in length and planted, shallowly, in rows, either four feet apart each way or that distance one way and two feet the other. As the plant grows prodigiously, it shades the soil so early that two or three cultivations keep down the weeds.

It is not within the scope of this article to do more than merely outline its possibilities, and exhaustive details will not be undertaken. Of it as a cattle-food, it will suffice to say that actual experiments have shown that cassava will produce beef at a cost of but one and one-tenth cents per pound, while pork may be brought to the

block, when fattened on cassava, at a total cost of but one cent per pound.

As an article of commerce, cassava starch appears destined to play no inconsiderable part in the near future. While yet an absolute "infant industry," already two extensive cassava-starch factories are in active operation in Florida. At Spring Garden there is a single field of cassava of three hundred and seventy-five acres, the largest single patch known to the writer. In the extreme western part of Florida, in Escambia County, a few miles from Pensacola, the Southern States Lumber Company, of that city, has some fifty acres of cassava this year, the product to be utilized in feeding its cattle on the Magnolia Hill ranch, a few miles away, in Baldwin County, Alabama.

After the recent tests made at Jacksonville by representatives of the starch trust, the report stated that as a laundry adjunct cassava starch, at four and one-half cents per pound, exceeded in value by six to one, for plain and fancy laundry purposes, the finest starch made from wheat. As the wheat starch cost six cents a pound, this would give the cassava product an advantage over the other of about eight to one.

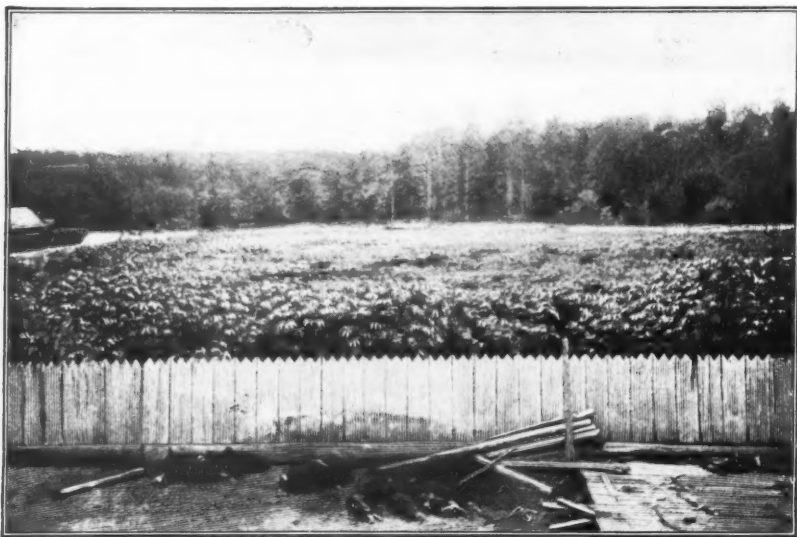
In addition to this, the element of fuel is an important one in the cost of starch-production.

The entire Gulf Coast region is now dotted with sawmills, working up the great supply of long-leaved yellow pine with which that region abounds. At each of these mills a "slab-pile" now burns, by day and night, the year through; each of them would furnish costless fuel supply to a fair-sized cassava-starch mill, thus eliminating one of the prime factors of cost in starch-making. With such mills established, the "cut-over" pine-land offers to the farmer opportunity to raise a product which not only is easily grown and yields

And on the market value of product, the cassava-fattened meat cost but one-half that made from corn.

Thus far the growth of cassava has been generally augmented by the use of artificial fertilizers. But it is now shown that the legumes, the velvet-bean and cow-pea, which grow enormously everywhere throughout this entire region, offer natural fertilizers similar in result to the beneficial action of the red clover of the North. The legumes give while they take; the larger the growth, the better the soil thereafter.

It will thus be seen in what remarkable manner plant, climate and soil combine to offer a revolution affecting an enormous



A FLOURISHING CROP BEHIND A FIVE-FOOT FENCE.

handsomely, but will then become an immediate and profitable money crop.

Aside from the value of cassava as a producer of starch, its importance as a food-ration, both for carrying and for fattening cattle and hogs, is great. Experiments show the following results on a seventy-day test, during which period the cattle made an approximate gain of over thirty per cent. :—

RATIONS.

Cassava and pea-vine hay	32% gain
Sweet potatoes and pea-vine hay . .	22% gain
Corn-meal and pea-vine hay	31% gain
Shelled corn and pea-vine hay . . .	30% gain

territory. Great tracts of land have been denuded of the larger pines which once crowded close throughout the wide extent of territory embraced in the area already indicated. It has not been supposed that the soil was, much of it, sufficiently fertile to sustain a satisfactory crop-growth. Here come the legumes to carry into the soil freely and without cost those constituent parts heretofore found wanting. And lastly, the stately, wide-waving, attractive cassava, to offer food for beast and man—for a cassava pie or pudding is not to be lightly considered—and also to show wide usefulness as an elementary factor in the starch world.



THE VALLEY OF THE DEAD

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

VII.

WITH the swing and the dash with which he had started it, Dare carried on his work. The peones of the estate were organized and assigned to duty; drafts of extra laborers were brought in from the roundabout country; from Zacatecas, famous for its stoneworkmen, a gang of masons was fetched up to build the dam and to set the stonework of the canals.

Left to his own lights—supposing that he had done anything—Don Guillermo would have done one thing at a time. It startled him, yet pleased him mightily, to find that his devil of an Americano was doing everything at once. The working force was distributed over the whole field. On the great plain a swarm of men was clearing and leveling the land and digging the feeder-ditches. In the cañon a smaller swarm was sinking to bed-rock for the dam's foundation. Down the line of the main canal digging was going on and retaining-walls were going up, and from wherever an outjutting shoulder of the mountain stood in the way came the ring of steel drills on rock and the volleying of blasts. Dare himself was at the top and bottom of everything and was everywhere at once. Riding his outrageously long-legged American horse, he had such a faculty for turning up suddenly where he was least expected that an honest man who wanted a comforting forty winks in the shade, or even a quiet five minutes to smoke a cigarrito, had no chance at all! These harried Mexicans declared—though the men who built the bridge at Las Palomas would have contradicted them—that

workmen never had been so pushed and driven in Mexico since the morning stars sang together: and they took an inconsequent pride in the prodigies which they so unwillingly were accomplishing; and less inconsequently cursed their taskmaster, who was getting these prodigies out of them, with all their hearts.

Maruja delighted in the outburst of intense activity which suddenly had set the Valley of Los Muertos to tingling with a lively energy that belied its name. Her own new inner life, swelling high and strong, matched with the change in her surroundings and made her eager to have a share in the strenuous work that was going on. Her father laughed at her, but humored her by putting her in charge of the gang at work on the canal: and presently was astonished by finding that she managed the gang as well as he could have managed it himself. And sadness went with Don Guillermo's astonishment. It was an old, old sorrow with him that God had seen fit to send him a daughter, not a son. That his daughter should be so like a son—so strong, so capable, so self-reliant—only made his sorrow the harder for him to bear.

Dare did not at all approve of Don Guillermo's arrangement. Heavy blasting was necessary in a dozen places along the line of the canal, and the thought of what might come to Maruja from an ill-managed blast filled him with fear for her—that was the more insistent because he knew that she was utterly without fear for herself. But the remonstrance that he ventured to

make was not well received. Don Guillermo was accustomed to giving his daughter a free rein; and, because of his pride in her manliness, he had a strong faith in her ability to take care of herself. "Show her what to do," he said shortly, "and she will do it. She will not come to harm." Dare did show her; and quickly was satisfied that her father's faith in her was just. In a week's time she managed the work so well that he had no more fear for her—yet continued to profess fear, because it gave him a colorable excuse for being beside her whenever a blast was fired. Maruja found the blasting delightful. It was better, she declared, than throwing and branding bulls!

And so, in all its parts, Don Guillermo's project went forward toward realization with a speed rarely known in Mexico. While the dry season still was young a good third of the work had been accomplished. High up the side of the valley, a finished half mile and more of the main canal wound along the flanks of the brown mountains. Out on the vast yellow plain the chaparral had been burned off—to the deathly amazement of the rattlesnakes—and the work of leveling and terracing, and of cutting the minor canals, had been a long way advanced. And in the cañon—the narrow cleft which connected the lower valley with the cup-like upper valley that was to be transformed into a mile-long lake—the building of the dam had gone on with a celerity that fairly made Don Guillermo rub his eyes! While a Mexican would have been floundering over the beginning, Dare had the heaviest part of the work done: everything cleared away to bed-rock, his foundation set, and the masonry of his superstructure going up at the rate of a foot a day.

To build a dam sixty feet high over that trickling rivulet seemed an utter absurdity. As the dry season advanced the flow of water did not cover the floor of the arched passage—barely large enough for a man to scramble through—that had been left at the foundation level. But to any one who had lived through a Mexican rainy season there was nothing absurd about the erection of that mighty barrier across that feeble stream. In the time of rains in Mexico the heavens open and empty upon

the earth their overwhelming floods—and then roaring and tumultuous torrents come rushing down the mountain gorges where before were tiny rills. Dare's haste was for cause. He knew that he must get the essential part of his work finished before the rains began.

But he had another and a stronger reason for his hard driving—a reason very like that which made Jonah take ship for Tarshish: he wanted to still the outcry of his own soul. If he gave himself time to think in his working hours, this outcry assailed him. Unless he tired himself to exhaustion during the day, and so bought the dull sleep of utter weariness, it challenged him in the watches of the night. Then the haze that was about him would thin, and he would see with a torturing clearness those sorrowful gray eyes—and in their dispelling light his disguise of himself from himself would vanish and he would be face to face with naked facts which no casuistry could reconcile or thrust away. When letters came from his Ruth, still more when he wrote to her, these irreconcilable facts—his faith to her and his faithlessness—in some way had to be dealt with; and he dealt with them, as he dealt with the situation at large, by evasion. His reasoning in the case, in a way, was logical. So far as she was concerned, things were in his own hands. She was more than two thousand miles away. What he chose to tell her she would know. What he did not choose to tell her she would not know. That was his major premise. His minor premise was that he was not sure of himself; that a mere passing fancy might be swaying him; that in the end his Ruth might turn out to be the woman whom he really loved. His conclusion was that he would tell her nothing until, the matter being decided one way or the other, he could tell her all. For a time he found letter-writing on that basis comparatively easy. As the months went on it became more difficult—because the conviction took a deeper and a deeper hold upon him that his minor premise was a self-blinding lie. With the strengthening of that conviction the devil and the deep sea which were besetting him came closer, and he went painfully by a very narrow way. Therefore it was that this young man—

who wrought with an energy that, from a Mexican standpoint, accomplished miracles—worked less for his work's sake than that in sheer weariness he might win a truce in the battle that he was fighting with himself.

There was another side, of course, to all this. Had his life at Los Muertos held for him nothing better than a choice between warring with his strong desire on the one hand and fagging himself to exhaustion on the other, he would have thrown up his contract in a hurry—and Don Guillermo would have been left to go a-hunting for another engineer. He stayed on at Los Muertos because he had found, for all the doubt and pain that went with it, great happiness there; happiness so very great that he sometimes wondered whether it were not all a dream. He was sure, at least, that it was the realization of what he often had dreamed—yet never had ventured to believe—life might have in store for him. Maruja—superbly beautiful, big, strong, as daring as he was himself yet infinitely tender—seemed to him to be the absolute embodiment of what his own strong nature supremely desired. In his hours alone with her neither doubts nor pains beset him. Then the well-spring of his happiness was brimming full.

They had many such lonely hours. Don Guillermo was not long in recovering from the attack of bustling energy which had made him sacrifice a part of his siesta. Again he slept, and the whole valley slept with him, through the languid time of noon. Dare and Maruja, alone remaining wakeful, then were free to go together to the bower in Maruja's garden: there to forget everything but each other in a world stilled in slumber and silent save for the humming of the bees. That hidden nook—whence the outlook was across the great plain to the distant mountains—was a place for dreaming, and for the telling of dreams. Maruja told him what she had dreamed there: of the hero-prince who was to cross the mountain-crests and come to her; who, coming to her, was to make her the princess of his heart. And as Maruja told of her dreamings she sighed with a perfect happiness—because they had come true! At first Dare laughed a little; but became grave when he perceived that he was hurt-

ing her by treating lightly that which she held to be so sacred and so real—and ended by half-believing himself that his coming to Los Muertos, and all that had flowed from his coming there, was due to the resistless urgency of a compelling fate. This belief was a comforting one. Charging of shirked responsibilities to fate is, and always has been, a short cut to quieting a conscience justly ill at ease.

Maruja had no need for such comforting. To her strong and simple nature there could be no sorrowful underthought in the happiness that had come to her. Her soul was elate with the perfect joy of loving. A glad brightness was within her that matched with the never-varying brightness of the sun-blessed winter days. As the springtime drew on there came into her eyes a soft shining light, and a half-wondering look charged with a deep tenderness; and a rapturous beatitude possessed her that made her lose interest in ordinary things. Much of her time she passed alone in her bower in the garden: sitting there very quietly among the flowers, while the bees hummed close about her, looking out across the plain to the distant mountains. But Maruja's gaze no longer was entreating: the mountains had yielded to her all that ever she had dreamed they had to give.

VIII.

Dare won in a canter his race with the rains. The dam practically was finished before May ended, and its gates were closed on the day that the first shower fell in June. Then came a long dull time of waiting, while the great reservoir slowly filled.

Following the law of the wet season in Mexico, the rains fell furiously through the afternoons and nights—but the mornings were exquisitely clear. Scattering the gray clouds of dawn, the sun rose resplendent and for half the day shone with a delectable brilliance through the rain-washed air. Then the clouds gathered swiftly, until presently the heavens were a leaden-gray everywhere and the downpour began. Thence onward until dawn again a falling ocean was loosed upon the earth. With the rain came crashing thunder-storms which set the very mountains atremble

with their tremendous concussions and filled the valley with their booming roar. In the black nights—riven by flames of lightning, jarred by peals of thunder, convulsed by the tumultuous volleying of the rain—it seemed as though the very fabric of the earth were dissolving in the stress of a furious elemental conflict between water and fire.

But even that great rainfall could not fill quickly the mile-long valley lying behind the dam. Slowly, very slowly, the water rose. The gain from day to day—though in reality a great gain; great enough to make certain that before the three months of the rainy season were ended the reservoir would be full—seemed to those who watched and waited dishearteningly small. And the waiting time seemed all the longer because the bustling energy, which for more than half a year had made the dwellers in Los Muertos fairly dizzy, was dying away. The work as a whole was close to completion. Save for some blasting around the last shoulder of the mountain, near the valley's mouth, the main canal was finished; and out on the leveled and terraced plain the big feeder-ditches were ready for service and the sluiceways were in place. The laborers drafted in from outside had been discharged. What little delving and banking remained to be done could be handled easily by the peones of the estate. As suddenly as it had risen, the tide of strenuous life had ebbed again—and had left Los Muertos once more stagnant. But in this stagnation was little of the old-time languorous repose. So abrupt a change—from vigorous action to sluggish ease—begot a fretfulness that did not make for rest. Don Guillermo fumed openly. Even the peones, being suffered to lapse into some of their lazy ways again, sighed a little—but with no conscious understanding of what they were sighing for—because they missed the excitement of being driven at top speed.

To Dare this sudden falling into idleness brought the shock of absolute self-revelation. It set him, at last, squarely face to face with his own naked soul. Farther evasion was impossible. There was no work into which he could throw himself, at once to distract his thoughts by day and to win the weariness that would give him

sleep by night; and the change in the seasons fought against him—even as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera—by cutting him off from the solacing forgetfulness of his hours with Maruja alone. A little of her companionship he could have in the bright mornings, as they rode together or walked together about the valley; but their long lotus-eating noonings in her bower were ended—since by the time that Don Guillermo had smoked himself into slumber the garden was all awash with rain. And so the charmed haze that had been about him grew thinner and thinner until it vanished: and then by day the gray eyes shone upon him with a sorrowful steadfastness, and by night were to him as clear sad stars. In their light he saw truthfully what he had done and what he was doing: and knew that on the one hand the devil was close to clutching him, and that on the other were the fast-rising waters of the deep sea.

His dominant feeling, when at last he got his bearings, was that of great weariness. For more than half a year his life in every way had been a life at high pressure. The pressure being relaxed, he suddenly realized that he was utterly tired out. What he longed for more than anything else in the world was rest: and in the coldly clear thinking that was a part of his lassitude he perceived that rest and Maruja were hopelessly far apart. Her intense energy—that matched with her commanding beauty and that essentially was a part of her glowing strength—had been potent to draw him to her. Being deadly weary, it drew him to her no longer: it repelled him. What had happened was simple enough, and with a dull sadness he recognized it: the flame of love, that had kindled so quickly and that had burned so fiercely, had burned itself out because of its very fervor. And so, longing for rest, he found himself yearning for the other love—soothing, refreshing, deeply tender—which had given him a peaceful and a sure happiness until passion had carried his heart by storm.

But had he the right, he asked himself, to seek again the comfort of that other love? Could he so purge himself by confession of his unfaith to it that his sin would be absolved? Above all, even though



Drawn by George Gibbs.

"HE KNEW THAT HE MUST GET THE . . . WORK FINISHED BEFORE THE RAINS BEGAN."

he should receive absolution, could he cast out from his life what had happened at Los Muertos since that day when the rattlesnake—striking at him and missing him—had given him warning that he was going a dangerous way? These were the questions which he had pondered in his idle days bitterly and which racked his spirit in the night watches—as he lay sleepless, seeing clearly the star-bright sorrowful gray eyes.

Yet the very fact that he did ask himself these questions showed how, in the end, he would answer them. In his innermost heart he knew that his only honest way out of his tangle was to shoot himself; and he also knew that in not taking that way he was flinching the rules of the game. To do him justice, though, he flinched not because he was afraid to die but because he wanted to live. For the moment, his life was supped by the strain that had been put upon it and was full of weariness. But his weariness was not unto death. In a subconscious way he knew that with rest he would revive again; and again would glow with the joy that a strong man has in feeling every fiber of his being intensely alive. It was this subconscious hold upon and delight in life that made him refuse instinctively the chill peace which death had the power to give.

Having rejected that one sternly absolute way out of his tangle, neither of the other two ways open to him was an honest way. Along opposite lines they both led to what virtually was the same end. To keep faith with Ruth was to break faith with Maruja. To be feal to Maruja was to be false to Ruth. To whichever of those alternatives he inclined, Love guiding him, Honor barred his path. But his admission of those alternatives into his mind as possibilities—and he was nicely careful, at first, to think of them only as possibilities—tended presently to resolve them into necessities between which he must choose. And having got to that point, by letting himself drift to it, he had a base from which to go on logically to a farther conclusion still more in his own favor: that since one of these women must be sacrificed to the other he was free to decide between them in accordance with his own desires. This was devil's logic, and in the depths

of his soul he knew that it was devil's logic; but he accepted it, all the same, because it let him out of his tangle by the pleasantest way—the way that led him back again to Ruth's strengthening and restful love. In his then state of mind and body—the one fagged and the other exhausted—his sole strong longing was for that love.

When he thus had succeeded in getting to a clear-cut realization of what he wanted—while the dull days were passing slowly and while the weary nights were passing more slowly still—he was not long in getting to a clear-cut perception of how what he wanted should be gained. After all, he reasoned, the situation was a common one. He had known of half a dozen of the same sort since his coming into Mexico; or, if not quite of the same sort, so nearly the same that they would serve well enough for precedents. What the others had done, being none the worse for it, he also would do. When the rainy season was over, the reservoir full, his work ended and his contract discharged, he simply would leave Los Muertos behind him—and so at a stroke would bring the episode, as he called it, to an end. He would go home and make his peace with his Ruth and marry her; and in due time Maruja, having forgotten him, would marry one of her own people. There was no need for fret or worry. The way out of the tangle was an easy way—and the end that it led to was the best for them both.

But for all that Dare formulated this decision so lightly, when at last he did formulate it, and for all that he tried to make himself take it lightly, he accepted it with a curiously unpleasant sinking of his heart. A sense of dread oppressed him that was akin to his momentary thrill of dread when the snake struck at him: an unreasoned conviction that he was escaping from a deadly danger only to encounter a more resolutely deadly danger a little farther on. He could not rid himself of this feeling; but he could, and did, go his way in spite of it: compelling himself to be satisfied with his own reasoning and with the conclusion to which, through that reasoning, he had come.

Had Dare been as clear in his thinking as he was clear in his purpose he would

have perceived that his conclusion was doubtful because his reasoning was not exhaustive. For the second time in his calculation of the chances and counter-chances at Los Muertos he had left the factor of error out of the account.

IX.

Maruja sat in her bower, looking out toward the distant mountains: a looming mass of gray, dashed here and there with gold and crimson where rays from the setting sun broke through the overhanging storm-clouds banked thick in the western sky. A like bank of storm-clouds overhung the mountain-range into which the Valley of Los Muertos penetrated—but over the great plain lying between the two ranges the heavens were a clear blue. Practically, the rainy season was ended. The days again were bright with steadfast sunshine. Only in the nights, intermittently, uncertainly, came fierce storm-bursts such as that night promised to bring forth. The little river, brimming to its banks, flowed singing down the valley; and from the completed canal, high up on the mountain-side, came an answering song of fast-running water. Into both channels the waste-ways of the reservoir were discharging. The reservoir was full. Dare's work was finished and tested. He was to leave Los Muertos the next day.

Maruja sat very still there in her bower, her eyes half-closed, the pupils contracted to little points, watching the sunset—and knowing that it was the last sunset that ever she would see on earth. But her stillness was the rigid stillness of an Indian lying in wait to kill an enemy. In her repose was no quiescence. Every drop of the fierce Indian blood in her body was hot with savage passion, and her soul was glowing with the savage delight of assured revenge. That her revenge would be bought at the price of her own life and of the lives of all who were dear to her, caused her no regret whatever. She had thought the whole matter out, balancing the good and the evil, and had decided that the way that she had chosen was the best way. Those whom she loved most, her father and old Magdalena, would feel as she felt, she was quite satisfied, did they know all that she knew. Old Pancho, and

the dozen or more of the peones who held places of trust on the estate, were of a loyalty that would make them choose—were the choice offered to them—to die with their master. As to the others, she held—partly with the contempt for death that was hers because of her Indian blood, partly with the feeling of the over-lord whose will is absolute—that their wishes were not to be considered one way or the other. It sufficed that she was resolved to silence them—to make sure that none should be left alive at Los Muertos to wag a tell-tale tongue. And Maruja was well pleased with the plan that she had devised for accomplishing her purpose. No one ever would imagine that the havoc which she would work that night had been anything but direful accident; and accident of a sort, and this was sweet to her, that would bring disgrace upon Dare's name. Her debt of hate was a great one, as great as had been her debt of love; and she meant to pay her hate-debt, as she had paid her love-debt, to the full.

Slowly the sun broke its way downward into the bank of storm-clouds, opening rifts in the dark mass through which rays of crimson and golden light shot outward until a splendor of gorgeous coloring overhung the distant mountains and tipped their peaks with fire. At the last the clouds parted from about the sun and showed it, a blood-red disk, seemingly at rest upon the mountain-tops—the center of that blaze of dazzling hues. Little by little the disk dropped down behind the mountains. Then, with an abrupt plunge, it was gone.

A shudder went through Maruja as the sun vanished—never to be seen by her again. Her flesh, glowing with strong life, rose in rebellion against the decree of her spirit that that life should be cut short. But her spirit was stronger than her flesh. In an instant her tremor of instinctive dread was conquered—stilled by her overmastering resolve. The hooting of an owl sounded from among the trees down the valley—a sure death-warning, according to the belief of the common folk of Mexico. Maruja's faith in the superstition was implicit, and this boding cry was welcome to her: it was a promise that she would accomplish what she had planned to do that

night. But again—even while she welcomed the dismal portent—a chill of dread was in her heart. However full life may be of bitterness, death comes over-early at eighteen years.

As she watched the withering of the sunset—a quick withering amidst those rain-laden clouds—her memory went back heavily to the vain imaginings which had come to her while she had sat in that place watching other sunsets in the past. It all had been very real to her: her faith in the glorious country beyond the mountains, in the hero-prince who thence was to come to her—up out of the sunset—to give her a lifetime of perfect happiness in his perfect love. And her dreamings had seemed to come so wholly true! As her thoughts went back and forth through her dreams, and through what for a time had been the realization of her dreams, it seemed to her in a confused way as though all that must be the truth: that the untruth must be the black ending of her happiness—which suddenly had left her so desolate that in her heart, whence love was outcast, were only hatred and murderous longing for revenge. But it was gone quickly, this confusion of dreams and realities which seemed to give her for a moment a half gleam of hope. The past three months of steadily increasing pain, as she had watched the slow dying of the love that she had believed would live always, were too cruelly real to be the outgrowth of a dream; and still more cruelly real was the certainty—which had come when she knew that her sometime lover was resolved to leave her—that that love was dead for good and all. No, love and life had ceased to be realities to this stricken Maruja. Fate had used her with a harshness so unrelenting that the only realities left to her were hate and death.

Dusk fell rapidly—as the black cloud-bank closed in upon the glittering sun-track, while from the whole horizon the storm-clouds rose with a smooth swift-ness and covered thick the sky. There was a soft sighing of wind in the valley, and with it a little pattering of rain upon the leaves. Then came a rumbling of distant thunder. Maruja heard these sounds with a grim pleasure, finding in them a confirmation of the owl's death-cry. Coming so

quickly after the sunset they were a sure promise of the night of tempest that tallied with her plans.

Presently she heard shuffling footsteps coming toward her through the dusk, and then old Magdalena's voice calling gently: "Señorita, my little dear one, the supper is waiting. Come."

She did not answer, and the old woman drew close beside her and laid a hand tenderly on her shoulder as she looked down into her face. At the touch Maruja shivered again—and was glad that the shadows were so deep that Magdalena could not see the look that was in her eyes. She pressed her head against the old woman's breast and clasped her close in her arms. "Thou lovest me, Magdalena?" she asked.

"As my life—more than my life, my little heart."

"Truly, more than thy life?"

"Truly, more than my life."

"So truly that thou wouldst rather die with me than live on after I had died sorrowing?"

"Yes, little soul of me, so truly as that. Was I not mother to thee when thy own mother died and left thee? Did I not bear thee at my breast?"

The clasp of Maruja's arms tightened. For a moment she was silent. Then she said, very earnestly: "I was sure of it, Magdalena. But I am glad that thou hast said it. Thou hast taken a weight from off my heart." She unclasped her arms abruptly and rose from her seat, adding: "Ah, the rain is coming in earnest now. We must hurry to the house." She turned as she spoke and walked quickly away through the garden, leaving the old woman to shuffle along slowly in her wake.

"Valgame Dios! What ails my pretty one?" Magdalena sighed. "What ails my pretty one to-night? And the owl calling, too! It cannot be for her that the owl is calling. Not for her—she is too young. It must be for some old body like me, whose days are done. But sorrow is coming, sorrow surely is coming, or the owl would not cry his warning that a soul is to pass away!" As she talked to herself she shuffled on wearily, sighing, and nervously twitching her lean old hands.

From the twilight of the garden Maruja passed into the dusk of the pátio, and

thence into the brightly lighted supper-room. The glare dazzled her. In a blur of light she saw Dare and her father standing at the upper end of the long table, where the white cloth was laid. It all was cruelly like—and more cruelly unlike—that first evening: when she had come in from the garden and had been presented to the stranger guest who had bowed formally and had said,

"I kiss the Señorita's hands."

Again, as on that first night, she sat silent; and again she shot out glances from time to time at Dare. But there the resemblance ended. Her glances were darted swiftly, but they were insistent; so insistent that he was compelled unwillingly to meet them—and from those momentary encounters he turned away as sharply as though she had thrust a knife into him.

What he saw in her eyes was not anger, nor hate, nor contempt, but a suggestion of all of those emotions—along with something deeper, beyond his understanding, that sent a chill into the very marrow of his bones. After each of his rounds with her he drew a quick long breath—the sort of breath that a man draws when he has slipped narrowly past some great peril and still is not quite sure of his escape. The

same sensation of mingled dread and relief had thrilled him that evening when the rattlesnake had struck at him and had missed its strike. Perhaps because the feeling that had accompanied it was aroused again, a sudden memory of that adventure came back to him—and with it, on the instant, came a creepy understanding of the deeper meaning in Maruja's look. Her

eyes had the insistence of a snake's eyes. Her look meant murder!

The breath that he drew as he made this instinctive discovery was a still deeper one, and with it went a still keener chill. But in a moment came a warm reaction—a common sense fortified him against what he knew in his heart was not a groundless fear. However much she might want to kill him, she would not have the chance. In a few hours



Drawn by George Gibbs.

"THOU LOVEST ME, MAGDALENA?" SHE ASKED.

more he would be riding free from Los Muertos, never to return thither—and so would be done with this savage woman who loved him so passionately that she would rather keep him dead than lose him alive.

The glow that went through Dare's body as he made this reasonable reflection—the natural glow that the body feels by instinct when deadly danger is escaped closely—

reacted on his mind. Until that revulsion of feeling came he had been moody and reticent—answering Don Guillermo's questions shortly, and not answering his mere observations at all. Normally, Don Guillermo was of a most sanguine temperament and wholly free from nervousness. That night, of a sudden, as the sound of the falling rain had been growing louder and louder, he had developed a highly unreasonable nervousness about the strength of the dam. His persistent harping upon the possibility that it might give way—yielding to the storm's addition to the tremendous thrust of the mile of water already behind it—had made Dare more than half angry. In his changed mood he found Don Guillermo's fears amusing. It was only natural, after all, he thought, that a Mexican should feel that way. Had Don Guillermo built the dam himself, as he once had planned to do, it pretty certainly would have been toppled over and swept away—and the whole valley, down to bed-rock, swept away with it—before the reservoir had half filled. Civility forbade his presentation of this view of the matter. He could only smile over it to himself.

"But the reservoir already is full, Señor," Don Guillermo persisted, anxiously, "and to-night a very torrent of rain is falling to put a still greater strain upon your work. Listen! It is as though the deluge had come again that drove our father Noah to his ark!"

He raised his hand, as he spoke, to command silence and attention. Neither was necessary. Through the open windows sounded the crash of falling water. Above them sounded the dull rumble of the torrent upon the clay roof.

"And I have told you, and I tell you again, Señor," Dare answered, "that the wasteways are carrying off the surplus water, and that all the rain that can fall from heaven cannot by a hair's-breadth stir the dam. It has come through its trial of the past month, as the water has grown deep behind it, without showing a single sign of weakness. It is as strong as the mountains themselves. Nothing short of gunpowder could move it—and even you, Señor, will admit that we need not reckon with that chance!"

As he spoke these last words, in a tone

of good-natured banter, Maruja paled a little. For an instant she looked at Dare searchingly. Then she sighed softly and turned away her eyes.

Don Guillermo smiled at Dare's suggestion. The absurdity of it tended to calm him by making him realize that his own apprehensions of an impossible danger also were absurd. "No, we need not reckon with that chance," he answered easily; "and I am an old fool to talk in this way about chances of any sort—when I am as sure as you are yourself, Señor, that this dam which you have built for me is as strong as the mountains which support its flanks." He was silent for a moment, and then went on in a tone a little constrained: "You must forgive me, Señor. I am not feeling to-night as I feel usually. I am full of sad thoughts and forebodings. Actually, when I heard an owl hooting this evening at sunset I fairly shuddered—just as an old woman would have shuddered! You know the proverb that our common people have: 'Quando el tecoleta canta, el indio muere.' It was utterly silly, of course, but for the moment I felt as sure as old Magdalena, there, would have felt that the owl was crying out for some one's death!"

With a laugh that was a trifle forced, Don Guillermo rose from his place. "Come," he said, "we will go into the oficina and talk about things which are reasonable. I do not wish, Señor, that you should carry away from Los Muertos the feeling that I am a weak and foolish old man."

Dare and Maruja also rose. For an instant they stood facing each other across the table—as they had faced each other that first night, when she had transfixed him with the burning brightness of her dark eyes. Again she transfixed him with her eyes—but the cold light in them was charged with a killing hate that shook his soul. He was not steady enough to make his usual formal speech of good-night to her; and she, ignoring him altogether, turned to her father and said in a voice that broke a little: "I also have sad forebodings to-night, my father. Wilt thou comfort me by kissing me—as thou didst comfort me always in my sorrows when I was a little child?"

Don Guillermo paused, puzzled by her

request—so curiously at odds with her usual strong self-reliance—and a little startled by the ring of deep earnestness in her tone. Then he drew her to him, very tenderly, and kissed her forehead. "Good-night, my little one," he said. "Sleep well. Thou art guarded by my love."

For a moment she rested in his arms, her head against his shoulder, as a weary child would have rested.

"What are thy fears, my little heart?" he asked.

"They are gone now, my father," she answered. "Thy love has driven them away. I can have no fear—knowing that I have thy love."

She spoke resolutely again, and stood resolutely erect as Dare and her father left the room. Dare glanced back at her, covertly. She was not looking at him. In the doorway her father, smiling, had turned toward her. Her eyes were fixed in love upon her father's face.

X.

When Dare got to his bed, his final conference with Don Guillermo ended, he lay wakeful—tormented by his own thoughts and jarred by the uproar of the storm. The very earth was shaken by the reverberation of the thunder. Every moment the darkness was dispelled by day-bright gleams of lightning. Continuously sounded the hissing crash and rattle of the rain. Sleep would have been hard to win, in the midst of such commotion, even had his mind been quite at ease.

But his mind also was in commotion—harrowed by troubling thoughts which would not have suffered him to sleep had there been no storm at all. The revelation that had come to him that night, with his absolute conviction that Maruja was hungry to murder him, had scattered all his sophisms. It had made him understand—love and hate being interchangeable quantities—how greatly she loved him: and so had set him afresh to the task, that he had accepted as accomplished, of deciding which of the two loves that he had won he would hold and which cast away. The whole question was raised anew. Again he was brought face to face with his conflicting obligations: each at points with the other, and both—since to be true he also must be

false—at points with his honor. It was wearily bitter work lying there, with the storm crashing around him, fighting that hopeless battle: of which the outcome in no wise could be victory, and in any wise must be shame.

As an undercurrent to this miserable struggle—that must end, whatever might be its ending, in his honor's worsting—went uneasy echoes of Don Guillermo's fears for the safety of the dam. He knew absolutely that those fears were baseless; that the dam, as he had told Don Guillermo, was as strong as the mountains themselves. But his nerves were so unstrung by his major anxiety that this minor anxiety had its way with him—and harassed him all the more because he was angered by his own weakness in suffering it to harass him at all. The common-sense arguments which he had used against Don Guillermo's irrational doubts he used over again against his own irrational doubts, but vainly. Each time that he succeeded in crushing his folly it rose again—as a fresh earth-shaking booming of thunder, and a fresh down-crashing of rain, set him anew to shivering with dread of the ghastly desolation that would come should that mile-long mass of water break away.

In his superexcited state the catastrophe became absolutely real to him. He seemed to see it and to hear it all: the grinding crash as the dam was rent asunder; the sudden roaring gush of the flood through the cañon; its tremendous outspurt from that narrow rift, and its instantaneous outspread to the full width of the valley; its hugely overpowering advance—a mountain of galloping water—submerging and obliterating everything in its course: uprooting alike the century-old trees and Maruja's rose-bushes; melting into thin mud the adobe walls of the hacienda and of the outlying little dwellings; scouring away, along with every growing thing, every particle of soil as it rushed onward: and so leaving, for the morning's sun to rise on, only clean-swept rock—bare and harsh and desolate—where at the sun's setting that glad little green valley had been. And in the midst of that charging flood he seemed to see himself, and with him every living creature that the valley held, tossing hither and thither through the few despairing moments

while they drowned; and then flung onward—sucked down, shot up, mangled against the rocks, lacerated by the branches of the whirling trees—to be outcast with all the other rubbish upon the plain; and, at the last, lying out there on the plain in ugly death—scattered heaps of gashed and broken bodies, smeared with blood, foul with slime, half-buried in the mud and ooze.

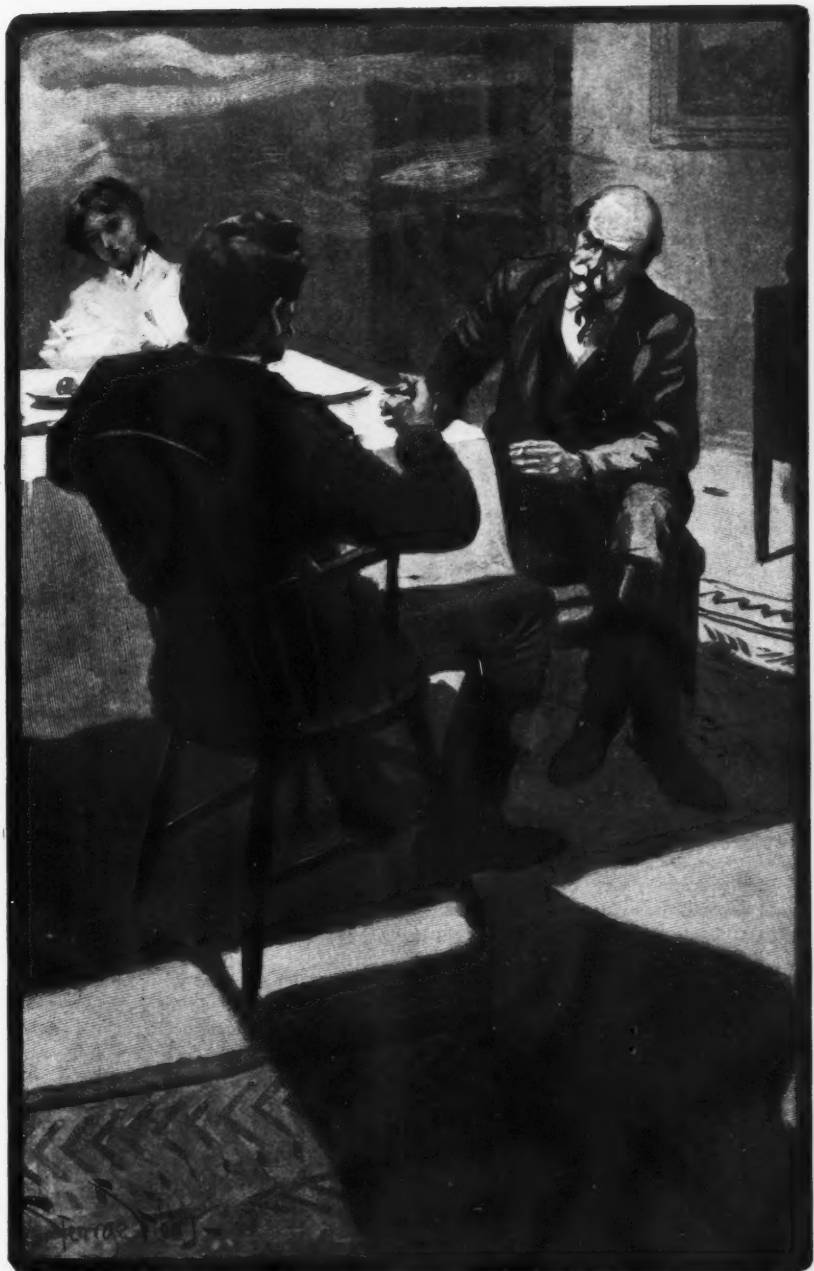
With the flux and reflux of these gruesome fancies came to him with a growing insistence the conviction that for himself, for Ruth, for Maruja, this catastrophe—for all the horror of it—would open the best way out from the tangle in which they were involved: for himself, because in a way it would save his honor; for Ruth, because there would be no rankling pain in her sorrow for such loss of him; for Maruja, because he was sure that with her resolve to murder him was linked the resolve that she herself should die. As he dwelt upon it, the ease and the quick finality of this settlement of the matter so tempted him that he found himself of a sudden longing to hear the roar of the oncoming torrent—that in an instant would wipe out everything and bring everything to an end. But in the same breath, as a swift eddy of feeling touched his pride in his own handiwork, he resented angrily the very thought of that solution of his difficulties: because should relief come that way, by the dam's breaking, he would be disgraced as an engineer. Until then—so strong was his inner faith in the soundness of his work—the possibility of that disgrace had not seriously entered his mind. Having forced an entrance, it became the most urgent factor in the sum of his torments as the storm went on.

At last he could bear inaction no longer. He felt that the only way to save himself from going off his head entirely was to fight through the storm to the dam and to see with his own eyes that it was safe. The lightning would show him his path; and also would show him, when he got to the end of it, that he was a fool—and he knew that anyhow, he said to himself savagely, without proving it by going on a fool's errand at midnight through a raging storm. But, at least, it was better to cure his folly by humoring it than to keep on fighting it vainly. If his walk in the storm did

nothing else for him, it would so weary him, and would so well take the fever out of his blood, that when he came back to his bed he would be sure of the rest in sleep for which he longed. As for the other matter, that also would be forgotten in sleep. In the morning, when he was himself again, he would go at it with a clear head and settle it for good and all. These thoughts went through his mind, disjointedly, while he dressed himself—being at one moment in thick darkness and at the next in a dazzle of brightness as a flame of lightning came through the open doorway and lit up the room.

For all that he continued to call himself a fool for giving way to his feeling of dread, he could not rid himself of it. A conviction of closely impending disaster was upon him, and his nerves were too shaken to throw it off. Yielding to his folly, so far from curing it, had made it take a stronger hold upon him. He even began to think of arousing the household, and the peones in the little dwellings round about the hacienda, and sending them all climbing up the mountain-sides—to escape a danger that existed, as he perfectly well knew, only in his own imagination gone wild! All this was trenching so close on madness that it frightened him. He seated himself on his bedside and tried resolutely to get his nerves under control. The rain lulled just then, and between two crashes of thunder there was a moment almost free from noise. In that moment he was startled by the sound of footsteps. The next instant a flash of lightning showed him Maruja standing in the doorway. As quick as the lightning-flash, the thought went through his mind that she had come to kill him in his sleep—and so to keep the murder-promise that he had seen in her eyes. When the thunder ceased, and she could speak, he found that he was wrong.

"Señor! Señor!" she called in a low voice intensely earnest. "Come! Come quickly! The dam is in danger! Come!" These words, uttered while he was bracing himself to meet her expected dash at him with a knife, gave a sharp wrench to his mind that still more unsettled him. For an instant he did not grasp their meaning. When he did grasp it, in a second or two,



Drawn by George Gibbs.

"LISTEN! IT IS AS THOUGH THE DELUGE HAD COME AGAIN."

it jumped so closely with his own tormenting fears that he sprang from his seat and made a rush to pass her—that he might alarm the house.

He did not pass her. She caught him in her strong arms and held him fast. "No! No!" she said in the same deeply earnest tone. "The danger is great, but it may be escaped. You must see for yourself. Come!"

Her will was stronger than his and he yielded. Loosing her restraining hold, she grasped his wrist and led him across the patio into the garden. "We must go out by the little door," she said. "Juan is sleeping before the great door. And this way is better. Thou knowest well the little door!"

Dare did know well the little door. By that way he had entered and had left the garden in their lotus-eating noontimes while all the valley slept. Even in the stress of that urgent moment the memory thrilled him—and the more because she had said "thou" to him, with a ring of tenderness once more in her tone. The flashes of lightning showed him that she was very pale, but the look of murder no longer was in her eyes. As she led him onward—across the garden, and out by the little door, and then beside the full-flowing stream up the valley—he almost forgot that the quest that they went on was one of life or death. Her hand grasping his wrist closely was warm—and that close warm grasp again set aglow his chilled memories of the past. The rain fell upon them in heavy sheets. The sound of its loud-splashing downfall, and of the gurgle and rush of the stream beside them, crowded with noise the intervals between the crashes of thunder. Close-coming flames of lightning split the blackness of the night. But neither of them gave heed to this tumult. A greater tumult was in their own hearts.

It was breathless work fighting through the storm. They went on together without speaking until they came to the side of the valley that led to the top of the dam. Dare would have taken that path. From above—where he could see whether or not the wasteways were carrying off the surplus water—the safety of the dam, or its danger, could be seen at a glance. But

Maruja led him onward, beside the stream, to the dam's base.

"This way!" she said imperatively. "It is here that the danger is. Come!" Again he yielded, and they went on.

The dam was built just within the lower end of the cañon. The main wasteway, cut through the living rock, led downward around it and discharged outside the mouth of the cañon into a little reservoir. Thence, the force of the fall being absorbed in the reservoir, the water flowed smoothly over a solidly built breast into the river-channel and so down the valley and away. A smaller wasteway, also cut through the rock, discharged at a higher level into the canal—so safeguarding the valley against the chance of flood. Dare had made his calculations of the rainfall carefully, and they had been verified by the result. Heavy rains had fallen repeatedly since the great reservoir had filled, but no water had come over the face of the dam. The wasteways had sufficed to carry off the surplus flow.

As they came to the mouth of the cañon the crashing noise of the downrushing water was added to the noises of the storm. The discharge through the main wasteway was enormous, but Dare saw by the lightning-flashes that it still was not running full. That proved that the limit of relief had not been reached. Theoretically, therefore, the dam still was safe. Maruja hurried him forward—around the little reservoir, and into the cañon, and up to the very face of the dam. Being come to it, they were in a roofless cavern. High on each side of them rose the walls of the cañon. High in front of them rose the huge mass of masonry. Between the flashes of lightning they were in dense darkness. The hissing roar of falling water was about them. The thunder-crashes set a tremble the solid rock on which they stood.

Dare was not disturbed by this savage commotion. The very fierceness of it tended to quiet him. In the moments of light he looked about him keenly, and saw nothing to justify his panic fears. The quantity of water running down the sloping face of the dam—as clearly visible in the lightning-flashes as in the sunlight of midday—was no more than the rain would account for. Nowhere on the surface of

the stonework was there the slightest out-spurt to tell of a crack. Evidently, the dam was holding its own. What he had told Don Guillermo was true—it was as strong as the mountains themselves. Maruja had brought him on a wild-geese chase. He forgot that he would have come on it without her, and turned toward her angrily.

"Where is the danger?" he asked.

"There!"

By the flash of lightning that came as she made this answer he saw that she was pointing to the arched passage in the dam at the foundation level. He could see no sign of danger there. The sheltered passage was absolutely dry. But he did see, to his surprise, that it was filled almost to its mouth with closely packed fragments of rock. The compactness of the mass showed that whoever had done that piece of useless work had done it with a labored carefulness. But neither one way nor the other did that misplaced stone-heap affect the dam's strength.

Again he turned toward her angrily, with another angry question upon his lips. But he did not ask his question. A fresh flash of lightning showed him her face. He saw in it a look that confounded him and made him hold his peace; a look not of the hate that meant murder, but of the passionate love that he had seen there so often—and had found so satisfying sweet that all the world was forgotten in it—while they kept their hidden trysts together in the still time of noon.

In the darkness that followed the glare of lightning she spoke with a passionate entreaty: "Tell me that it is not true! That thou wilt not really leave me! That thou still lovest me as when—" A great crash of thunder drowned her words. The thunder ceased, but he made no answer to her despairing love-cry. When the lightning came again her eyes were fixed upon him in a look that searched his very soul. Before that look his eyes fell—and she knew that he had given her her answer. Again the thunder crashed, and there came a fierce flood of rain. The

surging sound of rushing water filled the air.

By the next flash of lightning he saw that she was crouched before the arched passage in the base of the dam. In the succeeding darkness a little flame shone there, that in a moment was followed by a sputtering of tiny sparks among the compactly heaped stones—a sputtering of sparks such as would come only from a burning fuse. With the swiftness of revealing thought he understood why the stones were heaped there, and what she had done. The dam was mined. She had fired the mine!

For an instant a chill struck into his heart that seemed to freeze it. Then the chill was swept away in a flame of rage. "My dam will go—and everybody will think that I've made a mess of my work!" he shouted furiously. He sprang forward, thrusting Maruja aside, and began to drag away the stones in a very frenzy—seeking to reach and to quench the burning fuse. In his excitement he had spoken in English. Maruja did not understand his words, but she understood his action—and smiled as she saw that it accomplished nothing. The tiny sparks fled before him. He could not reach them. The fuse burned into the close-packed mass faster than he could tear away the stones. He saw that the struggle was useless—and knew that it was only a matter of seconds before the fire would reach the mine. Giving over his vain work, he rose and came close to her. In his boiling anger he forgot everything but the disgrace that she had put upon him.

"Curse you!" he cried. "Curse you for bringing shame upon my name!"

"Take thou *my* curse!" she answered. "Already it hath found thee. Thou diest—and because thy work dies with thee shame will befoul thy memory. That is my pay to thee for being false to me. That is thy due!"

They stood erect, facing each other—tall and strong and young—with chaos instant upon them. As the lightning flamed again, they looked straight into each other's eyes. Each saw in the other's eyes defiant hate.

(THE END.)

THE NEW SHAKESPEARE-BACON CONTROVERSY.

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS.

THAT smoldering question which nothing seems able to extinguish, "Did Shakespeare write the Shakespeare plays?" and the related question, "Is there a cipher hidden in those plays, which not only reveals their real authorship but betrays important state secrets of the time of Queen Elizabeth?" have just been brought before the public mind in a new and startling aspect.

And this time the problem is presented in a form which renders it capable of being submitted to something like a scientific test. It is, in fact, put upon a mechanical basis, so that it becomes a mere question of distinguishing between different shapes of printers' types.

Mrs. Elizabeth W. Gallup, of Detroit, Michigan, avers that while engaged in an examination of old editions of the works of Francis Bacon, trying to trace there a "cipher story," the key to which was discovered by Dr. O. W. Owen, to whom she was acting as an assistant, she became convinced that the careful explanation which Bacon has given in his celebrated work, "*De Augmentis Scientiarum*," of a species of secret writing, invented by him, and which he calls a "bi-literal cipher," was intended to serve some other purpose besides that of a mere treatise on the subject.

This cipher is based upon the use of two slightly different fonts of type and, as we shall presently see, has nothing whatever to do with the literary form or sense of the books in which it is alleged to be concealed.

Remembering those puzzling italicized passages that occur in the first folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, published in 1623, and for which no satisfactory explanation has ever been offered, Mrs. Gallup immediately examined them to see if, perchance, the bi-literal cipher described by Bacon might not be found in them. Apparently she was not confident of success, but, to her great surprise, as she affirms, the cipher was there!

She began to read it out, and if the story of what she says she found is true,

nobody can wonder that she felt she had made the literary discovery of the age.

Let us say at once that it is not only in the Shakespeare plays that the alleged cipher is hidden, but it appears also in the works that were published under Bacon's own name, being confined, as in the plays, to the italicized portions—italicized for no discoverable reason—and also, surprising to relate, in a variety of other books of the Elizabethan period, such as Spenser's "*Shepherd's Calendar*" and "*Faerie Queen*," Burton's "*Anatomy of Melancholy*," the plays of Peele, Greene and Marlowe, and even some parts of the plays of Ben Jonson.

Through all of these works, according to Mrs. Gallup, who has just filled a large octavo volume with her asserted revelations, runs a story, composed by Francis Bacon, and repeated over and over again, in varying, but never contradictory, forms, in which he affirms that he was the son of Queen Elizabeth by Robert Dudley, the Earl of Leicester, to whom she was secretly married in the Tower of London when, before her accession to the throne, both she and the Earl were imprisoned there; that, in order to keep his birth secret, he was given, while a child, to Sir Nicholas Bacon and his wife Anne, who brought him up as if he were their own son; that he did not discover the truth about his birth until he was sixteen years old, when an intimation of it reached his ears through the indiscretion of a lady of the court, and then his mother, the Queen, in a fit of passion, confessed the truth to him, and immediately afterward sent him away to France in charge of Sir Amyas Paulet; and that while he was in southern France he fell in love with Marguerite, the beautiful wife of King Henry of Navarre, and the play of "*Romeo and Juliet*" was afterward based upon this romantic episode in his life. In other parts of the story Bacon is represented as affirming that Queen Elizabeth had another son from her secret union with the Earl of Leicester, this being no less a person than the Earl of Essex, who was afterward executed for

high treason by his mother's command. Essex was thus, according to the story, Bacon's younger brother, and, in the cipher, Bacon appears as constantly lamenting the share which he unwillingly had in the tragic fate of his brother.

This story, whether it truly exists in the alleged cipher or is the product of imagination, cannot fail to hold the reader's attention, but before pursuing it farther let us see what the bi-literal cipher is.

In his work, "De Augmentis Scientiarum," Bacon first shows that a cipher alphabet can be formed by various transpositions of the two leading letters of the ordinary alphabet, a and b, in sets of five, each set representing one letter of the cipher, thus:

A	aaaaa	I	abaaa	R	baaaa
B	aaaab	K	abaab	S	baaab
C	aaaba	L	ababa	T	baaba
D	aaaab	M	ababb	V	baabb
E	aabaa	N	abbaa	W	babaa
F	aabab	O	abbab	X	babab
G	aabba	P	abbb	Y	babba
H	abbbb	Q	abbbb	Z	babbb

Such an alphabet in itself would be of no use for secret writing. For instance, let us print the word "Bacon" in it. It would run: aaaab, aaaaa, aaaba, abbab, abbaa. If a series of sentences were written, or printed, in that manner it is evident that the merest tyro would quickly discover the key and decipher the message.

Bacon's next step, then, is to contrive a way in which the alphabet above described can be "infolded" in a printed book so that each set of five successive letters composing the words of the book, without changing their order and without reference to the meaning that they convey to the ordinary reader, shall represent one of the letters of the hidden cipher. For this purpose it is necessary to employ two fonts of type, in which the forms of the letters slightly differ. Call one the "a-font" and the other the "b-font"; then every letter in the "a-font" will stand for "a" in making up the sets of five a's and b's that compose the letters of the cipher alphabet, and similarly every letter of the b-font will stand for "b."

To illustrate: In the table below each letter of the ordinary alphabet is repre-

sented by two differing fonts of type, for convenience roman and italic being the fonts here used. Take, for instance, the letter A; it will be observed that it has two forms as a capital and two forms as a small letter. One of these forms (the roman) we call the a-font and the other (the italic) the b-font, as indicated by the small letters placed over them:

a b a b a b a b a b a b a b a b
A A a a B B b b C C c c D D d d

Now for the application. Bacon himself, in the same work, gives an example by printing a part of one of Cicero's epistles in two fonts of type, according to the system just explained, every five letters of the original constituting one letter of the inclosed cipher. For a brief illustration we will take the first three sentences of the English translation of Cicero's letter, which Bacon uses, and print it from two fonts, as he does, with the corresponding key-letters under each of the original letters to indicate to which font it belongs, and with the translation of the concealed message given in capital letters at the bottom of the lines:

In all duty or rather
aa aaa abab aa baba
A L L

er piety towards you
ab aaaba aababab aab

I S L

I s a t i s f y e v e r y b o d y e x -
b a b b a a a b b a a b a a b a b b a

O S T M

cept myself. Myself I ne-
baaa abbaaa aabbaa a aa

I N D A

ver satisfy. *For so great*
 baa aabaabb baa ab abaaa
 { { {
 R S I

are the services which you
baa aba baababaa aabab aab
S K I L

h a v e r e n d e r e d m e
a b a a a b a a a a b b
L E D

Thus, by simply printing three sentences, containing one hundred and twenty-five letters in two kinds of type, another entirely different sentence, containing only twenty-five letters, is inclosed in them, and can be read only by one who holds the clue to the double system of types, which Bacon calls a bi-literal cipher. It is not necessary in any manner to interfere with the order of the words in the original work, and any book in existence could be made to hold a cipher of this kind. The only restriction upon the proceedings of the person who inserts the cipher is imposed by the necessity of using up five letters of the original for every one letter of his inclosed cipher.

In Bacon's alleged use of the cipher he is said to have included it only in the italicized portions of the books wherein it is found, using two fonts of italic letters.

Now, even if the existence of such a cipher in the folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, whose typographical eccentricities have long been a puzzle, can be established, that fact would not in itself affect the question of the authorship of the plays. Being simply a matter of the types employed, any printer, if he had the opportunity—not to speak of a sufficient motive—could have inserted the story which Mrs. Gallup professes to have extracted.

Of course Bacon himself could thus have inserted it without having had anything to do with the original composition of the plays. In fact, however, he claims in the alleged cipher story that he was the real author of those immortal compositions, as well as of other books, such as Spenser's "*Faerie Queen*" and Marlowe's plays.

But the reader is likely to say: "This is so simple a matter that it should have been cleared up long ago. If there are two kinds of type used in the folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, and if all the italicized portions are printed in that manner, and filled with a secret story, it ought to be the easiest thing in the world to establish the fact by simple examination." So it would be if the fonts of type alleged to have been employed by Bacon were as clearly distinguished from one another as are those which he used in illustrating the principle of the bi-literal cipher in his "*De Augmentis*," or those which we have selected for a similar purpose. But, in

fact, there is no such clear distinction. It may indeed be said that Bacon would have defeated his own end by making the differences of type manifest at the first glance. He had to choose letters which should be so nearly alike that they would pass under the ordinary reader's eyes without exciting suspicion, and yet should be sufficiently varied to be distinguished without too great difficulty when at last the key was discovered and the deciphering begun.

Not only are the differences admitted by Mrs. Gallup, especially in the case of the small characters, to be so slight that very close examination is required to perceive them, but she avers that Bacon was not satisfied with using only two fonts; he employed many different fonts, and sometimes changed the order of their distribution among the "A's" and "B's," apparently for the purpose of more surely concealing his cipher, for he is represented as saying that his life would be in danger if the fact became known that he was using this method of handing down to posterity secrets concerning the highest personages in the state which the few who were acquainted with them dared not whisper above their breath.

As Mr. Mallock has suggested, the thing to do is not to photograph the pages said to contain the cipher down to the dimensions of an octavo, as has been done, but to magnify them, in order that the typographical variations may be made more evident. By adopting that plan it may be possible to submit the whole question to a decisive test. At any rate, it is a question that can be tested by a mechanical examination, and there certainly seems to be no occasion for the display of heat and bad temper that has been called forth in some quarters by the discussion. On the contrary, it is full of interest, whichever way it may be decided.

Returning to the revelations which Mrs. Gallup assures us have been extracted from the books named with the aid of the bi-literal cipher, we come upon another point more surprising still. The bi-literal cipher is believed by her to have been intended as a key to other, more difficult, forms of cipher embedded by Bacon in his various works. The most important of these is described as a "word-cipher," the translation

of which does not depend upon the use of any special type, but is to be effected by means of certain key-words and directions given in the bi-literal cipher. This word-cipher, if it exists, could not have been inserted in a work originally composed without reference to it, but could only be worked into the web and woof of the composition by the original author, and to assert, as the story does, that Bacon was able to compose the finest plays that we know under the name of Shakespeare merely as cloaks for other hidden plays and narratives is indeed to tax credulity to its limit.

It will be observed that the "word-cipher" does not admit of any such mechanical test as can be applied to the bi-literal cipher, but is a subject for choice, judgment and ingenuity in interpretation, so that, to anybody not predisposed to accept it, it can never appeal with convincing force, as the bi-literal would do if once the typographical differences on which it is based could be completely established. Let the bi-literal cipher's presence be demonstrated beyond a peradventure, and then the word-cipher would stand a better chance of acceptance, because the other asserts its existence. The word-cipher compels those who accept it to believe that the person who put the ciphers in Shakespeare's plays and Bacon's learned treatises and the poems and dramatic compositions of Marlowe, Spenser, Peele and Greene and the "Anatomy of Melancholy" called Burton's actually produced all of those works!

Using the word-cipher, and following the clues afforded by the bi-literal, Mrs. Gallup has recently deciphered, as she avers, one of the concealed tragedies of Bacon. It is called "The Tragedy of Anne Boleyn," and is made up of bits from many of Shakespeare's plays, matched together. For instance, we find Romeo's words put into the mouth of King Henry VIII. and applied by him to Anne Boleyn:

"O she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!"

All this is well calculated to repel dispassionate investigation of Mrs. Gallup's claims because it so far offends the common sense and judgment of the reader that

he must be tempted to throw the whole thing overboard at once. If the alleged discovery can ever be rendered acceptable to unprejudiced investigation, it must be on the basis of the bi-literal cipher alone. Let Mrs. Gallup successfully meet Mr. Mallock's challenge by taking, as he suggests, the epistle from Macbeth to Lady Macbeth ("Macbeth," Act. I, Scene 5), which is one of the passages in the first folio printed in italics, and indicating under each letter the font to which, according to her interpretation, it belongs. Then let Mr. Mallock have the passage photographically enlarged, so that the duller eye can detect the smallest differences in the letters, and when the result is printed the public will have a fair chance to judge for itself.

But, whatever the outcome of the discussion aroused by Mrs. Gallup's book may be, the story that Francis Bacon appears to tell in its pages does not fail in interest. The well-known fact that historical rumor has long whispered hints touching many of his alleged revelations serves to draw attention to them. Some of Mrs. Gallup's critics intimate that those rumors may really be the sole foundation of her decipherings. But they do not accuse her of wilful invention, and if she has dreamed these things it must be admitted that she dreams interestingly.

Listen to Bacon's complaint of the injustice done him, as Mrs. Gallup says she reads it in the double types of the "Advancement of Learning":

"Queen Elizabeth, the late sovereigne, wedded, secretly, th' Earle, my father, at th' Tower of London, and afterwards at th' house of Lord P—— this ceremony was repeated, but not with any of the pompe and ceremonie that sorteth wel with queenly espousals, yet with a sufficient number of witnesses.

"I therefore, being the first borne sonne of this union should sit upon the throne, ruling the people over whom the Supream Sovereigne doth shewe my right, as hath beene said, whilst suffring others to keepe the royall power.

"A foxe, seen oft at our Court in th' forme and outward appearance of a man, named Robert Cecill—the hunchback—must answer at th' Divine Araignment to

my charge agains' him, for he despoyled me ruthlessly. Th' Queene, my mother, might in course of events which follow'd their revelations regarding my birth and parentage, without doubt having some naturall pride in her offspring, often have shewne us no little attenention had not the crafty foxe aroused in that tiger-like spiritth th' jealousy that did so tormente the Queene [that] neyther night nor day brought her respite from such suggestio's about my hope that I might bee England's King.

"He told her my endeavours were all for sov'raintie and honour, a perpetuall intending and constant hourlie practising some one thing urged or imposed, it should seeme, by that absolute, inhere't, honorably deriv'd necessitie of a conservation of roiall dignity.

"He bade her observe the strength, breadth and compasse, at an early age, of th' intellectual powers I displaied, and ev'n deprecated th' gen'rous disposition or graces of speech which wonne me manie friends, implying that my gifts would thus, no doubt, uproot her, because I would, like Absalom, steale awaie th' people's harts and usurp the throne whilst my mother was yet alive."

Bacon appears also as frequently lamenting the tragic death of his (alleged) brother Robert, Earl of Essex, and in "King Lear" Mrs. Gallup reads from the bi-literal cipher a statement that Essex's life might have been saved if a signet-ring that he desired to have presented to his mother had reached her. "As hee had beene led to bel'eve he had but to send the ring to her and th' same would at a mome't's warni'g bring rescue or reliefe, he relyed vainly, alas! on this promis'd ayde. . . . It shal bee well depicted in a play, and you wil be instructed to discypher it fully."

In Ben Jonson's "Masques," Mrs. Gallup says, she finds among other things this statement in Bacon's bi-literal cipher:

"The next volume will be under W. Shakespeare's name. As some which have now been produced have borne upon the title-page his name though all are my owne work, I have allow'd it to stand on manie

others which I myselfe regard as equall in merite. When I have assum'd men's names, th' next step is to create for each a stille naturall to th' man that yet should [let] my owne bee scene, as a thrid o' warpe in my entire fabricke soe that it may be all mine."

In the same work Bacon is represented as saying that Spenser, Greene, Peele and Marlowe have sold him their names. This, it would appear, was not the case with Ben Jonson, of whom he speaks as his friend, and the implication is that Jonson knew what Bacon was doing with regard to the others.

Several times Bacon is made to refer to the murder of Amy Robsart, the Earl of Leicester's wife, of whom he intimates, as rumor has long done, that the Earl wished to rid himself in order to marry Elizabeth.

The stories of his royal birth, of his love for Marguerite of Navarre, and all the rest of the tale are repeated again and again from the various books in which the cipher is said to lie. Frequently Bacon appeals to the unknown decipherer whom he trusts some future time to produce, urging him to spare no pains to unearth the hidden things and promising him undying fame for his labor.

Among other things alleged to be contained in Bacon's ciphers are translations of Homer and of Virgil, part of which, in resounding blank verse, Mrs. Gallup publishes in her book. And some of her critics aver that it bears evidence of having been based upon Pope's translation of the "Iliad," because it contains names and descriptions that Pope introduced without any warrant from Homer.

It is strongly urged by some of Mrs. Gallup's critics that if Bacon wished to tell such a story as is here put in his mouth he would never have done it in so cumbersome a fashion, but would simply have written it down and placed it under seal, in trustworthy hands, to be opened and read by posterity. But if, in spite of such objections, the existence of the cipher should be proved, the question would then arise: "Who did put it there, if Bacon didn't, and for what end?"

THE STORY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S LIFE.

V.—HIS FIRST PUBLIC SERVICE.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

IT is almost needless to say that President Roosevelt began his public career with stress amid storm. The phrase, "the strenuous life," which he has popularized, with the result that we never think of it without remembering its author, is no mere phrase to him—any more than when it is used to describe the present era of Americanism. It reflects his career and describes his development. The local political situation in New York city was such as might have been looked for after a Titanic struggle against William M. Tweed's misrule and after that Tammany "boss's" trial, imprisonment, escape, exile and death. It was a period of rest veiling a preparation for a conflict with the evil that lived after its greatest champion had been removed. Corruption remained, both parties were to a large extent officered by dishonest men, the government was rotten, the people's sense of right and wrong was dulled, the Aldermen and the state Legislature were mainly composed of spoilsmen, and corporations ordered laws made for money or relied upon bribery to render inoperative those statutes which interfered with their projects. If it was not at that precise time (1881-82) that James Bryce made his great study of our institutions, the general period and conditions were the same.

Roscoe Conkling led the Republicans of the state, and the successor to Tweed was John Kelly. Kelly was opposed and aided by a sorry lot of Republican district leaders: opposed when the only issue was partisan supremacy; aided when any reform spirit or movement drove together all whose life-purpose was to rule the city for their own pockets all the time.

Theodore Roosevelt was twenty-four years of age in 1882. He came of a line of eight generations of New York city Roosevelts who had taken part in public affairs ever since the year 1700, when Nicolas, a bolter by trade, served as an Alderman. In each of six generations a Roosevelt, in the direct line behind the

President, had served in the Common Council, and the President's father, grandfather and great-grandfather had all been members of the Assembly. In private life they were sugar-refiners, bankers and trustees of charitable institutions. When wars came, the Roosevelts were equally active and masterly. Though of Dutch origin, they took the patriot side in the Revolution. And of course they were found on the side of right in the War of 1812. The once pure Dutch blood of the family is greatly altered in the President's veins. He claims to be but twenty-five per cent. Dutch, and seventy-five per cent. Scotch, Irish and French Huguenot.

With his ancestry and the example set by his forbears, it is not surprising that the boy of 1882 should be found a member of the Republican organization and an active figure in the councils of the district in which he lived. "I have always believed, and do yet," he said to me in the days when he was a Police Commissioner, "that a man should join a political organization and should attend the primaries; that he should not be content to be governed, but should do his part in the work."

The very marrow and essence of republicanism is in that sentiment, and it would be well indeed for our country if all of us pondered and acted upon it. It was far more than a mere sentiment with the future President. He went to the political headquarters, attended all the meetings and took his part in whatever was forward. The district was what was then known as a "brown-stone district," which is to say, a region of residences of well-to-do families. Its "boss," or leader, was "Jake" Hess—a typical machine chieftain at a time when there was too little difference in either morals or methods between the Republican and the Tammany Hall politicians. The brown-stone element found its affairs managed by Jake Hess without knowing precisely how his leadership came about. It was because they were "contented to be governed" and "took no part in the work"

that they found their votes swelling the strength of the corrupt men in the aldermanic chamber and the Legislature at Albany. Wherever we see iniquity in public life and wherever scandal smirches the fair fame of our institutions, the cause always has been and must continue to be this same self-indulgent acquiescence in the mischief that flows from a decent citizenship which will not stir itself to assist in the government and the crooked activity of those who see their chance to misgovern in their own selfish interest.

Now, in 1881, as if to aid the fates which had young Roosevelt's career in their charge, the "brown-stone" residents awoke from their stupor, roused themselves against their leader, defeated his candidate for the Assembly and sent young Theodore Roosevelt to Albany in his place. From what we know of the maturer man, with his varied and brilliant record, we are likely to imagine that his election came like a thunderclap to the old sordid war-horses of his party, to the "raiders" in the Legislature, to the lobbyists who played with the Legislature as if it were their private Punch and Judy show, and to the thoughtful citizens of the city and state. Yet this was not at all the fact. His political birth was as the budding of one plant in a garden full. He was not known to the people. "Jake" Hess thought Roosevelt's election was merely an annoying episode, and in Albany the veterans of the little parliament and their masters in the lobby merely smiled and remarked, "They have sent up another silk-stocking." Moreover, he was the youngest member of the Legislature and he looked it.

And yet within two months Theodore Roosevelt was the undisputed leader of the Republicans in the house. He could not have achieved this place of command or kept it, had he been forced to battle alone against the crookedness and moral apathy of his fellow Republicans and the opposing Democrats. But it happened that there were a few other earnest, upright, energetic young men, such as Assemblymen Howe and Church and one or two more, who admired Roosevelt's courage and sympathized with his straightforward, honest aims. I am certain that I do no injustice to the other high-minded men in the

Assembly when I say that not one of them could have done—or would have attempted—what Theodore Roosevelt did. They would have "voted straight" and spoken for honesty because they were clean-souled men, but to begin, and keep up to the end, a ceaseless, fierce, uncompromising conflict with the evil forces on the surface and beneath it, as Roosevelt did, is not what most men were born with either a taste or a capacity for. Roosevelt made himself the leader by the force of his enthusiasm. He became the champion of the people by hammering at the head of corruption whenever it showed itself and by inventing new legislation designed to obstruct or to prevent misgovernment and criminal uses of public trusts.

The lobby was very powerful in Albany at this time, and both made and wielded large sums of money, mainly provided by New York city corporations seeking unfair commercial advantages. In this period the New York elevated railroads were allowed to be constructed in the public highways, through at least one park, before and almost against the upper windows of the houses—eccentricities of legislation, of popular lethargy and of private greed which busied the courts for years afterward with the suits of persons claiming damages. The elevated roads and the surface street-car interests were making excessive demands upon the city and state governments when Roosevelt sprang into the arena of public affairs. He at once set himself the tasks of opposing whatever was unjust in the aims of these corporations and of providing New York city with a charter designed to close many existing openings for abuses.

One of his first resolutions was offered in order to bring about an investigation of Judge Westbrook's official conduct in relation to suits brought against the Manhattan Elevated Railway. An investigation was always granted when asked for in that period, especially if a wealthy corporation could be rendered uneasy and anxious to ward off exposure of its methods of dealing with public bodies. Mr. Roosevelt carried his point and the investigation was held, but the majority of the investigating committee declared Judge Westbrook innocent of any action for which he could be

impeached. Mr. Roosevelt made a powerful fight to prevent this verdict, but failed; yet, failing, he attracted the respectful attention of all the people of the state.

He was reelected to the Assembly by a vote that was two thousand ballots ahead of the rest of his ticket, and the beginning of 1883 saw him back in his seat in the Assembly as firmly placed as ever. Now the Democrats were in complete control of both branches of the Legislature, and there were with them many Republicans who aided them in all dubious legislation not distinctly of a partizan nature. The forces for good government and the rescue of popular rights were mainly embodied in the persons of Mr. Roosevelt, his few lieutenants and in the Governor, who was Grover Cleveland. Not only did Grover Cleveland stand for clean politics and pure government, but his broad views of state and municipal needs were such as brought to his support the ablest and the best men in both political parties.

With the beginning of the session Roosevelt renewed his attack upon the elevated railroad companies, and advocated a bill requiring the companies to reduce their fare from ten to five cents. The bill passed both houses after much agitation, but it was vetoed by Governor Cleveland on the ground that it was unconstitutional because it disregarded the implied obligations which had arisen between the state and the elevated railroads when their franchise was granted.

Roosevelt recognized the weight of this argument. He was not the man to preserve a stolid acquiescence in error when that error had been demonstrated. A motion came up to pass the bill over the Governor's veto, and Mr. Roosevelt astonished his associates by opposing it. He astonished them still more by the manfully frank and courageous method of his opposition.

"I have to say with shame," he began, "that when I voted for this bill, I did not act as I think I ought to have acted, and as I generally have acted, on the floor of this house. For the only time, I did at that time vote contrary to what I think to be honestly right. I have to confess that I weakly yielded, partly to a vindictive feeling toward the infernal thieves who

have that railroad in charge and partly to the popular voice in New York. For the managers of the elevated railroads I have as little feeling as any man here, and if it were possible I would be willing to pass a bill of attainder against Gould and all of his associates. I realize that they have done the most incalculable harm to this community—with their hired stock-jobbing newspaper, with their corruption of the judiciary and with their corruption of this house. It is not a question of doing right to them, for they are merely common thieves. As to the resolution—a petition handed in by the directors of the company—signed by Gould and his son, I would pay more attention to a petition signed by Barney Aaron, Owen Geoghegan and Billy McGlory than I would pay to that paper, because I regard these men as part of an infinitely dangerous order—the wealthy criminal class."

This was an important, almost a sensational, moment in the history of the state. The people of New York city were at first stunned and then outraged in their moral feelings by the operations of the elevated railroads, and this bill to reduce the passenger rate on those lines seemed to all a mere trifle of justice to be asked of a Legislature which all believed to be manipulated by the city's great iron-legged octopus. Cleveland stood as President Roosevelt does to-day in the popular mind, as an honest, frank, fearless champion of the liberties of the people. When he vetoed "the five-cent-fare bill," the act so surprised and shocked the populace that it was commonly declared that the Governor "had killed his future." Theodore Roosevelt's declaration that he was ashamed of having aided the passage of the bill raised the younger statesman far above the popular horizon, to a height at which all the people could see and study him.

Both these "coming" men were candidates at the polls that year and both were elected—Cleveland to the presidency, Roosevelt back again for the third time to the Assembly. Roosevelt declared himself a candidate for Speaker of the Assembly, and at the end of a severe contest was beaten by the machine politicians of his party, who both feared and disliked him. His

term at the head of the chamber was not to be, and it was well for the people that this was the case, for as Speaker he could not have served the public as well as in his seat on the floor, where he at once became the leader of the now Republican majority. The most important measure of the year was the Edson Charter of the city of New York, a reform measure which put all the municipal departments under single heads and gave to the Mayor full power to appoint and remove the city officers. Before this became the law the Aldermen could veto the Mayor's appointments, and to this fact had been due much of the pernicious power of "Boss" Tweed. Mayor Edson's bill had been before the Legislature in 1883, but was defeated.

Now, in 1884, during Mr. Roosevelt's third term as an Assemblyman, it was again brought forward. It was owing to his persistence and hold upon the public heart that this measure became the law, and it has been said that his triumph in this matter was the greatest service he rendered the public while in the Legislature. That is doubtless the case, but his value to the best interests of the people by no means stopped with this action. He was chairman of a committee of five for the investigation of all the departments of the government of New York city. His exposure of abuses in the Police Department was the direct source of the great Lexow investigation which followed. The need of this cleansing became apparent too late for the Roosevelt committee to undertake it, but that committee had already uncovered many and general abuses of a startling nature and it only remained for Roosevelt to provide correctives in the form of a series of reform bills, which he not only drafted and presented, but was able to force through the Legislature. These bills stripped the County Clerk of an income (through fees) of more than eighty thou-

sand dollars a year, destroyed the Sheriff's personal profits of one hundred thousand dollars a year and affected the spoils of the Registrar's office in the same way, each of these officials being put upon a salary. Much else was done by Roosevelt in this closing year of his legislative career, and at this time he made it apparent that civil-service reform was very close to his desires.

I remember him as a legislator very clearly. A boyish figure he cut when he rose to speak, but his frank face, wide, earnest eyes and his smile, blending kindness and humor, won an instant and respectful interest which he was able by sheer vim and force and earnestness to transform into respectful and often excited attention. He was called by his antagonists on the floor a "dude," a "silk-stocking," a "Knickerbocker aristocrat," and when he was to be answered the Tammany men often began by saying, "Now that we have heard the bettah thought," et cetera. But Roosevelt was very unlike a dude and an aristocrat in the democracy of his ways. He was frank and kindly in manner toward all his associates who exhibited brains and force, no matter whether they were Democrats or Republicans, pot-house-keepers or men of leisure. He walked several miles every morning, and lived a healthful, studious and systematic life. At times his friends feared for his safety, because there were dangerous men among the politicians, heelers and lobbyists whose every wicked aim was sure to be detected and opposed by Roosevelt. I think, however, that he was never molested at all except in the side-tones of some loungers in a country tavern near Albany where the embryo President halted one day in one of his long, brisk walks. On that occasion he paused long enough to knock one of his annoyers down and to remark, "I may be a dude, but I am willing to deal with any one else who wants what this man has got."

(To be continued.)





MEN, WOMEN AND EVENTS.

A STRONG PERSONALITY.



Not long ago I met Mr. James J. Hill, who had the happiness to be born in Canada—now of St. Paul and the Round World. I had been told at various times that Mr. Hill was "strictly commercial," but what was my surprise when at once, after we had shaken hands, he fainted and reached for me, left and right, this way: "Oh, yes, I know you—was reading one of your books yesterday. What's the use of your comparing Rubens and Rembrandt to the disadvantage of either? Rubens represented the dancing sunlight and the other man the shadows. Now it is like this . . . " and in two minutes I was groggy and hanging on the ropes. Soon he was pushing me all over the ring—see? I couldn't find him, but he was finding me right along. He declared I had said that Handel wrote "The Messiah." I tried to explain that I wrote it "Elijah," but the rogue printers, et cetera—but the man counted me out.

My opinion to-day is that James J. Hill is the strongest personality in America, and withal is possessed of a common sense that is most uncommon. I append the following, just as a taste of his quality:

"The railroad interests in this country are not the greatest, after all! The agricultural interests are most important. They represent one-half the population of the United States, one-half the capital, and about all the patriotism, religion and feeling there is.

"The country rules the cities. I should

be sorry to see the time come when the city interests controlled the country. At present they do not. Whenever a situation comes up where the integrity of the country is at stake, the agricultural interests rise up in a body and sweep the obstacle aside. It is the man who owns the land, the area upon which we live, who is the strongest factor in affairs." ELBERT HUBBARD.

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CIRCUMSTANCE.

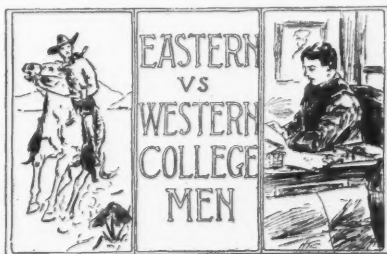
The Captain plans; the Power aloft that sits

Unveils the sun—and this is Austerlitz.

A wiser plan the Captain never drew;
But the rain falls—and this is Waterloo.

WILLIAM YOUNG.

* * * *



Dr. D. K. Pearsons is a rich man who is known for his liberal gifts of money to colleges. It has been his custom not to concentrate his gifts, but to put satisfactory lumps of money here or there where it seemed to him they would do good. That has bred in him the habit of comparing the work of various colleges in different parts of the country, and forming estimates and opinions as to its usefulness. The

newspapers quoted him as saying the other day that he would put no more money into Eastern colleges. His future investments of that sort are to go west of Chicago. "They are through raising the kind of boys in the East," said he, "that made this country what it is. The type of man that made New England famous a hundred years ago grows now in the West. Eastern boys are effeminate. They are being reared in too much luxury, and have not that sturdiness that characterizes the Western boy." He grumbled about college athletics and preferred the exercise which a lad might get by sawing wood and planting potatoes, and he thought that one hundred and fifty dollars a year ought to pay all a student's expenses in any college.

Now it is nonsense to call Eastern boys "effeminate," but still it is possible to understand Doctor Pearsons' feeling. He likes the early stages of civilization better than the later ones, and has more sympathy with the sort of education that makes successful pioneers than with that which qualifies men to be useful and progressive in older, richer and more polished communities. He is right enough in determining to divert his surplus funds to Oklahoma and Wyoming. No doubt they are needed there. Let his benefactions spread where his sympathies are most enlisted. But his disparagement of Eastern boys, though comprehensible, is mistaken.

What made the men who, as he says, "made the country what it is" was opportunity. The East furnished the raw material, but the school was the West itself, where the work waited to be done. The East raises good men still, but the West has been settled. Its great school of pioneers is closed. Of course its development is far from complete, but its completion does not wait any more on Eastern energy.

The man who said that "no man ever got rich with his coat off" made a pretty shrewd remark. The men who made the country what it is did plenty of work with their coats off, and some of them in due time did get rich notwithstanding. But in our day the most important and difficult work—the work that is best paid because of its difficulty, the work that is most indispensable to the further progress of the country—is done by men who keep their

coats on. The East raises and trains its share of them, and the Eastern colleges are constantly taking thought to train them better. A greater labor than even that of making this country what it is is to make it and keep it what it ought to be. It is for that work that the rising generation is to be trained. It is more a work of specialists than the robust and splendid labor of development that preceded it, and there is every prospect that Eastern men will hold their own in it.

As for the luxury in which Eastern boys are said to be reared, is there not such a thing as becoming immune to luxury by experience of it? In the Eastern colleges lads have carpets on their floors and hot and cold water and such like indulgences that spartans like Doctor Pearsons may consider enervating. But to have such things about one from youth tends to make one think little of them. They are not bad for the health, but rather favorable to it. Moreover the most strenuous life nowadays is city life, and men who live it for all it is worth are hard put to it to keep well. Luxury for them means a refuge in the country, a holiday in the woods, horses to ride, games to play. More luxuries, so profitable to the maintenance of energy, money can and does supply.

What the Eastern environment is the Western environment soon will be. If Eastern boys are reared in too much luxury, it is because the East is too rich. That complaint the West has caught, and it is going to have a bad case of it mighty soon. Whatever is the matter with the Eastern boy is going straightway to be the matter with the Western boy. You can't raise frontiersmen when there is no frontier left; you can't raise pioneers in an old country, and measured by its wealth our country is old already. Very soon the kind of work colleges do in Massachusetts will be done by colleges in Oklahoma, and done for lads of very much the same species.

WARD SANDFORD.

* * *

HEREDITY IN
THE PHILIP-
PINES.

Events in the Philippines move obscurely enough to us who try to observe them from this distance. A little story which I ran across recently in J. M. Guyau's "Education and Heredity" seems to throw

some light on the prospects of an early settlement:

"What has always distinguished the savages of the Philippines from the other Polynesian races is their indomitable passion for liberty. In a massacre on the island of Luzon, made by native soldiers under the order of a Spanish officer, a little black, of about three years old, was seized by the troops and brought to Manila. An American obtained permission from the government to adopt him, and he was baptized under the name of Pedrito. As soon as he was old enough, efforts were made to give him all the instruction that could be obtained in that remote land. The old residents, knowing the character of the Negritos, predicted that sooner or later the youth would return to his native mountains. Thereupon his adopted father took little Pedrito to Paris and London, and only returned after two years of travel. On his return, Pedrito spoke Spanish, French, and English, with all the facility with which the black races are gifted; he wore thin patent-leather boots, and 'everybody in Manila still remembers the grave manner, worthy of any gentleman, with which he received the first advances of those who had not been introduced to him.' Two years had scarcely elapsed after his return from Europe, when he disappeared from the house of his patron. It would, in all probability, never have been known what had become of the adopted child of the philanthropic Yankee, if a European had not come across him in a remarkable way. A Prussian naturalist, a relative of the celebrated Humboldt, resolved to make the ascent of Mount Marivelès, a mountain not far from Manila. He had almost reached the summit of the peak when he suddenly saw before him a swarm of little blacks. The Prussian prepared to sketch a few faces, when one of the savages came forward and smiled, and asked him in English if he knew an American in Manila of the name of Graham. It was our Pedrito. He told his whole story, and when he had ended, the naturalist in vain endeavored to persuade him to return with him to Manila."

Ten millions of people with this heredity! What an undertaking, to assimilate them into our body politic! J. B. WALKER.



Joe John was born nex' door
When I was four.
You see that porch, 'n' grapevine chair?
His mother ust to rock him there
'N' sing to him
All afternoon, 'n' I 'u'd creep
Up to the fence, 'n' hide, 'n' peep.
'N' wonder if he'd ever be
Big enough to play with me
'N' my dog Tim.
'N' I was puffed 'n' proud 'n' all
'Cause I was big 'n' he was small.
But when his mother'd give him cakes,
'N' bread, 'n' jam, 'n' jell—my sakes!
I wasn't big—just four, you see—
'N' wished that bunch o' clothes was me
Instid o' him.



Joe John grewed strong 'n' fast;
'N' when at last
He was 'most big as me, we went
To school. Our mothers said we spent
Too much o' vim
A-gettin' into mischief; guess
They'd oughter knowed the best, 'nless
It was old Nigger Pete we ust
To argy into visitin' our roost
'N' then loose Tim.
At school we kept it up. 'N' Joe
He allus led the doin's, though
It wasn't 'cause he was the worst,
But 'cause he allus *would* be first.
'N' he'd get caught 'n' I'd go free;
But somehow I 'u'd wish 'twas me
Instid o' him.



When Joe was twenty-two—
The same as you,
I guess, though bigger 'cross the back,
'N' you're not small—he had a knack
O' lookin' grim
Whenever some big job 'u'd try
To get the best o' him; while I,
Too weak, 'u'd gen'rally throw down
The sponge. But when Lu Joysruck town
Shy-eyed 'n' slim,

Joe had his hardest job o' life
 A-gettin' her to be his wife.
 But though she stood agin him long,
 It couldn't last—he was too strong.
 He won her when just twenty-three;
 'N' I, though helpin', wished 'twas me
 Instid o' him.



A home two years or more;
 'N' then came war—
 Just when Joe John's was bluest sky
 'N' him 'n' me was layin' by
 For little Jim.
 (They'd named him that for me, you know,
 Both guessin' what I'd tried to show
 No sign of.) 'N' of course we went
 'N' shouldered guns, 'n'—scuse me; Lent
 My glasses-rim
 'N' cau't see good; must get 'em fixed;
 Makes things sometimes a little mixed.
 Well, Joe was shot 'n' killed, that's all,
 In our last fight. Lu died that fall.
 'N' allus since that day with Lee,
 When long still nights I'd lie awake
 'N' feel as if my heart 'u'd break,
 I've wished that God had taken me
 Instid o' him.

J. NORMAN SHREVE.

* * * *

AN ANECDOTE } There is a story that bears
 OF EMERSON, } upon its features the mel-
 low tinge of time, to the effect that Ralph
 Waldo Emerson once got up in the middle
 of the night and, in the course of his
 gropings, fell over a chair or two and
 knocked down the family what-not.

Mrs. Emerson felt softly for her mate,
 and finding that he was not there guessed
 the source of the confusion, and called in
 alarm, "Waldo, Waldo, are you ill?"

And the placid answer was, "No, my
 dear; only an idea."

So that is the story, but the new version
 ruins this way: Mr. Emerson got up in
 the middle of the night and, after falling
 over the family rocking-chair and knock-
 ing a plaster-of-Paris cast off the mantel,
 was accosted by his good wife thus: "Are
 you ill, Waldo?"

And there was no answer—save the
 scratching of matches on wall, floor,
 bureau and chairs. This was in the day
 when matches came in sticks and you broke
 them off.

The lady heard the matches split off and
 then she heard the scrape and scratch.
 "Are you ill, Waldo?" again she called in
 alarm. "Ill! Ill nothing—why don't
 you say sick?—there is no one listening.
 No, I am not ill. I have an idea and
 wanted to write it down, but these con-
 founded cheap matches you bought of that
 Connecticut pedler will not light—plague
 take everything that comes from Connecti-
 cut, say I."

Then there was a final scratch on the
 wall, and philosophy came to Mr. Compem-
 sation's rescue, as he said, "Well, well, it
 wasn't much of an idea anyway; besides
 that, I've really forgotten what it was."

And he crawled back into bed.

In the morning Mrs. Emerson discovered
 that every tooth had been broken out of
 her high-back comb.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

* * * *



I think it was Shakespeare who said,
 "Some people have achieved greatness,
 some have had greatness thrust upon them
 and others were born in Boston." The
 other day, being introduced to a man in a
 London drawing-room, I said to him, "I
 think I have the pleasure of speaking to
 an American." "Well," he said, after
 some hesitation, "I'm from Boston." I
 did not know the distinction before, and I
 apologized. Now, will you please tell
 me: Where is Boston? In my innocence,
 or, if you prefer, in my ignorance, I had
 always thought that Boston was in America.

Last June, traveling from London to
 Paris via Newhaven, Dieppe and Rouen,
 I occupied, from Dieppe to Paris, a com-
 partment where I had two fellow pas-
 sengers, an Englishman and an American,

or rather (please excuse me) a Bostonian. The Englishman and the Bostonian were the whole time engaged in conversation, and, during the two hours and a half that the journey lasted, I gathered considerable information on the subject of Boston, but when I left that carriage in Paris I felt I still remained in complete ignorance of where Boston exactly lay on the map of the world. A quarter of an hour or so before arriving at our destination, the Englishman said to the Bostonian, "Where are you going to stop in Paris?" "Well," replied the Bostonian, "I was thinking of stopping at Meurice's, but it is always so full of damned Americans. And where are you going to stop yourself?" "Well," said the Englishman, "I was thinking of stopping at Meurice's too, but it is always so full of damned Englishmen!"

One of the worst shams of English "smart society" is to run down England and everything English. All this is humbug, hypocrisy, Anglo-Saxon cant, a little failing of which I suspect the Bostonian to be slightly guilty. That Englishman who, in a London drawing-room, turns up his nose at the mention of everybody and everything English is the same man who, on the continents of Europe or America, turns up his nose at everything he sees, hears or eats, and seems to travel with the words "Civis britannicus sum" deeply engraved on his bored, haughty forehead. I have often heard America and the Americans run down by Bostonians. I have heard them say that traveling in Europe would be tolerable, even a pleasure, but for the presence of Americans. Now I have been several times in Boston. I have admired that splendidly laid out and solidly built city. I have admired its refined society. I should be proud to call myself a Bostonian, and still more proud to call myself an American. But, I repeat it, all this is Anglo-Saxon cant. It is the hypocrisy of the man who pretends to hate being interviewed, or who calls "fiend" the sympathizer or admirer who pays him the compliment of asking him for his autograph. Singers call it an awful nuisance to be asked for an encore. When they don't get it, you should hear the language they use in the artists' room!

MAX O'RELL.



"Francesca da Rimini" is to be produced in London during the festivities incidental to the coronation. Afterward it comes this way. In the title-rôle is Duse. This lady is a great actress. The author of the drama is D'Annunzio. This gentleman is a great artist. In company with the German Emperor, Oom Paul and Mr. Croker, he figures among the celebrities of the age. Such figuring predicates not art merely but advertising. D'Annunzio is master of both.

Considered as an artist, his biography is brief but beautiful. Before he discovered that prose is more difficult, he wrote in verse. That not at all way, is very other. It ink stand song-birds of modern layshe made gent, quite and, in giv- as he happened to be young and good-looking, he found himself, like Byron, in a position to raise the deuce.



That is what fame means to young poets. Occasionally to old ones. Afterward came his novels, recently his plays. Through them all passion pours in a manner comparable to lava. Volcanoes are entertaining, but only from afar. Those which he has described are composed of ink, of a grain of Sadism, the temperament known as artistic, and the Italian sky. They are unsuited to eyes not Latin. Even otherwise passion disquiets, it does not allure. Considered as a theme, there is nothing heavier. Moreover, like Burgundy, it is no longer fancied. Shandygaffs of elegance and vin brut are more to contemporary taste.

Primeval Adam and Eve circulate as before. But fashion has decreed that they shall be properly attired, that they shall be elaborately garbed to boot.

The adventures of Cupid are identical. He used to be naked and unashamed. Subsequently he got a coating of dirt. At present he is the same vicious little chap as before. But his wardrobe is complete. His trousers come from Bond Street, his shirts from the Rue de la Paix. He never says a word that could not be bawled through a ballroom. All of which D'Annunzio has not entirely appreciated. His pen is not modish. Yet it has a saving grace. In the passion in which it splashes, the lack of allurement is psychological and exact. Melancholy sits brooding through it all. It does not make you much in love with love. In providing Chambertin it heightens the taste for champagne. It heightens, too, your appreciation of the advertising ability of the author. In proportion as these wares have been reproved, so has his renown expanded. In that expansion he has collaborated very actively.

D'Annunzio's initial advertisement consisted in the beatific complacency with which he contemplated the impropriety of his verse. His second advertisement was a duel. The lady in the case was a Neapolitan Duchess. Duchesses are very common in Naples. The last census enumerated five hundred. But the reading public was unaware of their frequency, and the advertisement was excellent. D'Annunzio then became negligent in regard to certain matters of which the penal code takes cognizance, and went triumphantly to jail. Meanwhile he had produced three novels. One of them happened to be nothing less than a masterpiece. In connection with that novel he caused himself to be accused of plagiarism, wrote another which attracted the attention of Mr. Comstock, and became known even in Brooklyn. That is fame.

One might fancy that therewith he would have sat content. Not a bit of it. His villa was entered. Or, rather, he said it was, which, of course, amounts to the same thing. He said also that at the entering he did not fetch his gun, call the police or make a fuss. He simply approached the burglar and announced him-

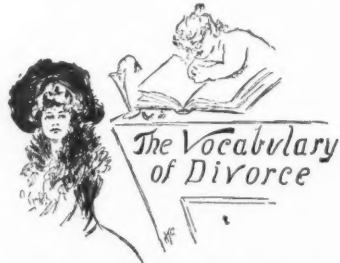
self. "Behold me; I am D'Annunzio." "Not *the* D'Annunzio?" stammered the startled Fra Diavolo; "not the author of 'Et cetera,' 'Et cetera'?" "The same." Whereupon Fra Diavolo, overcome, undone, tumbled at his feet and with clasped hands implored his forgiveness.

There was a very good advertisement also. But D'Annunzio is insatiable. He ran for Parliament. It will be assumed that he attempted the capture of possible votes with speeches on taxes, tariffs and timely topics. He did nothing of the kind. In the liquid of his Tuscan he talked Beauty. In the azure of Italian rhetoric he poetized on the Ideal. It will be assumed that he was turned down. He was elected. And there was another advertisement.

More recently he shocked the press of two worlds with rumors of his treacherous treatment of Duse. Before the rumors could subside it was found that the perfidy of his proceedings he had personally portrayed in a novel. That was his last advertisement. It is also his best. For, treading on its heels, came "Francesca da Rimini" with, in the title-role, Duse herself. Considered as assaults on Fame, such advertisements merit applause.

EDGAR SALTUS.

* * * *



A persistent want of American society consequent upon our divorce operations is some standard of expression for use in defining divorced husbands and wives. "My late husband" is perfectly understood to mean a dead one. But how designate those husbands who are not dead, but gone before through the providence of our beneficent divorce system? "The man to whom I was once married" is both awkward and ambiguous. "My ex-husband"

—that has a politico-official sound that makes the term seem unpleasantly flippant in connection with the sacred office marriage confers. "My recent husband" somehow ascribes to a husband an indefinitely fleeting character that even divorce conditions in Oklahoma could scarcely warrant. "My first husband" raises an irritating question concerning the number of others that have followed, while to speak of "my last husband" is not only a loose manner of speech, inasmuch as the current husband is later than the one just gone before, but it is assuming more than divorce probabilities will allow to imply that any husband, who may be the last up to date, is really the last—the very, very last, don't you know. "My divorced husband" is a brutally frank way of putting it which Zola and his school might fancy, but scarcely answers the refined requirements of really respectable society. Moreover, it gives no hint of which among possibly many divorced husbands the one referred to may be. Thus conversation and, by the same token, even social relations of Newport, Oklahoma, South Dakota—the United States generally—are confused for lack of a precise term, and it is greatly to be hoped that during the progress of debate on the divorce question in Congress some member—some member from Boston preferably—will be able to remove the etymological difficulties that at present confound the status of one's divorced relations by marriage.

FLORA McDONALD THOMPSON.

* * * *



Prince Henry of Prussia's visit as the representative of the Kaiser at the christening of the royal yacht by Miss Alice Roose-

velt has a bit of psychology underlying it which has escaped public attention. Wilhelm of Germany, in these fourteen years, has personified the "strenuous life" in Europe, and the meteoric rise of Theodore Roosevelt, with its revelation of combative, assertive, rectilinear qualities carried in a body of model robustness, could not fail to appeal to the hard-working Emperor. Inasmuch as our President carved his way up from the estate of simple gentleman through the activities of Assemblyman, ranchero, Civil Service and Police Commissioner, Assistant Naval Secretary, Rough Rider Colonel, Governor and Vice-President to his present high office, while excelling as rifleman, fencer, rider, hunter, boxer, walker and sprinter, with records in football and baseball, it meant more to the Kaiser, born to all his honors, than to us, to whom rapid rise is the commonplace. Then Mr. Roosevelt is about the Kaiser's age—three months older to a day, but both in their forty-fourth year—both are married and have good-sized families. These things count among the great as among others, so we can more easily see the Emperor asking the President to let Miss Roosevelt christen his yacht, like calling to like in a spirit of lofty brotherhood of the mail-clad hand, one nature calling to the other from the depths of the subconscious as well as from the political and other tangibilities.

Something whimsically like the sense of discomfort among the old German official world of the Bismarck era when Wilhelm began his athletic reign was experienced in Washington last October. Mr. Roosevelt had just entered the White House. As all sorts of old heads, some empty, some full enough of gray matter, went shaking sagely around the purlieus of Potsdam and the Berlin Chancellerie in 1888, so the crustaceans of the national capital went about saying: "He'll make 'bad breaks'; wait and see." And they are going about yet, and they have had little things to cackle over, although they rather overdo their hole-and-corner deploring. The country, however, is highly entertained and not at all troubled over it. As the wife of an old official said: "He may fly out a little, but the gallantry and utter honesty and sanity of the creature make

up for it all." Recurring to the likeness in fighting ideals between the President and the Kaiser, one may remind the surviving head-shakers that even Wilhelm has not broken the peace of Europe, in spite of all his flamboyancies and in spite of the gloomy predictions when he "dropped the pilot."

The Prince's visit has naturally awakened up our reminiscents. What a nice young man the Prince of Wales was when he called on us "befo' de war." Then the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, after the war, has been recalled. What a massive young man he was, with big body, long limbs and big hands and feet to match, and how he answered in good English when he was addressed in bad French; how all the bands along the route, the day he landed, played "The Romanoff Dead March," under the impression that it was the Russian national hymn; how he danced with the blond Miss Sullivant, of Ohio, and so made her a reigning beauty; how he shot buffaloes with Phil Sheridan and Buffalo Bill, and so on.

At the Princess Eulalia's visit everything was carried out in good order. On the day of her arrival in this country the way led from the Twenty-third Street ferry past a big and ugly building. The name was up in big letters, so General Horace Porter, who was in the carriage with the Princess, was able to say: "That, Princess, is the Blind Asylum." "And these, General, are the inmates?" Horace turned his head, saw the shouting, waving crowd at the windows. "Why—why, yes, Princess; you have worked a miracle." Is it any wonder they sent him to France, and the Kaiser and the Czar cannot get enough of him? J. I. C. CLARKE.

THE PRESS } Why is it that the do-
AND THE STAGE } ings of one actor are so
much more eagerly printed and read
than those of another of equal ability and
prominence? When a man or woman of
the stage is constantly in the papers, the
careless explanation is usually that the
person is skilful at self-exploitation, but
although advertising counts, it is decidedly
secondary in influence to a vivid and un-
usual personality. The actors who interest
the world most, apart from their art, are

those who are the kind of people to whom things happen. Mr. Ziegfield's skill in thinking up milk-baths and runaway rescues could never make Anna Held as interesting a figure personally in the popular eye as Cecilia Loftus, for instance, who, in a very few years, has been married to a well-known man, divorced, followed a great success on the vaudeville stage with two years of startlingly rapid progress in the legitimate drama, a genuine case of almost drowning, friendship with the most famous actors, broken contracts, casualties in the street, and an interminable series of varied events, all genuine. Sarah Bernhardt is sometimes called the greatest of advertisers, but it would be a much more central truth to say that she has an active, experimental nature that leads her constantly into new experiences, big or little, so that her life is normally full of "news." Mrs. Patrick Campbell is another woman who is always doing and saying interesting things, because she cannot help it but is driven about by the constant need of action and variety. So rooted is the belief that actors are always seeking notoriety that when Duse some years ago took the attitude that she would never be interviewed and would seldom be met socially, the cynical but probably mistaken theatrical public treated that as the most astute scheme for creating comment that had yet been invented. Richard Mansfield, as is well known, gets himself into the printed gossip mainly by fits of temper shown in many ways, ranging from insulting speeches before the curtain is up to knocking a supernumerary down with some blunt weapon or discharging a horse. Doubtless he knows the money value of such deeds, but doubtless also he has the real temper, and in advertising the real thing is always vastly more profitable than fiction. One fact that may be noticed in the actors who are the best centers for this kind of personal prominence is that they are men and women of brain. Some great actors are merely instinctive. Those, however, who create this particular atmosphere add to the necessary instinctive nature a great deal of general intelligence in the ordinary affairs of life. In other words, the public rightly sees that they are interesting personalities, as well as gifted artists.

